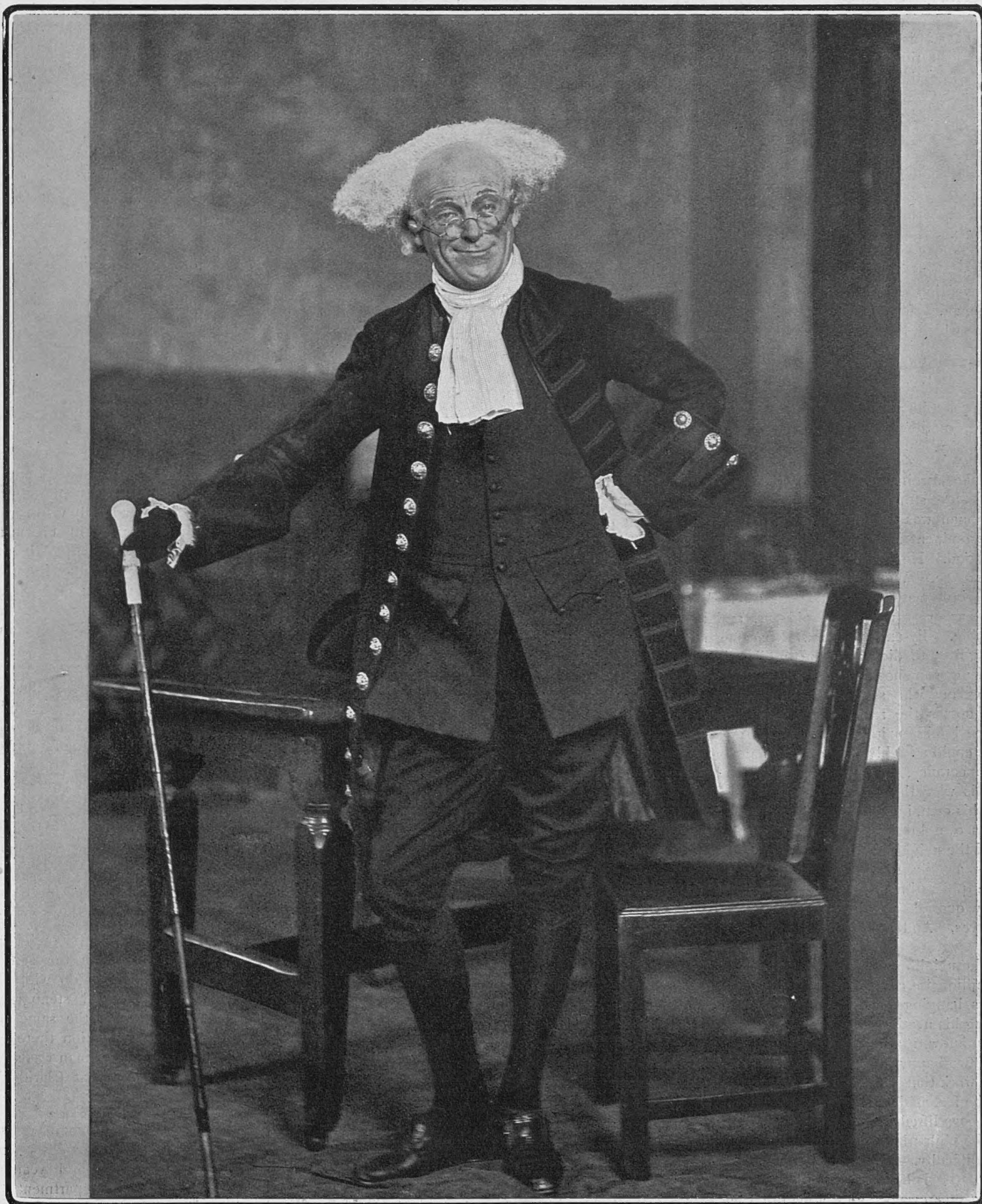


The Sketch

No. 687.—Vol. LIII.

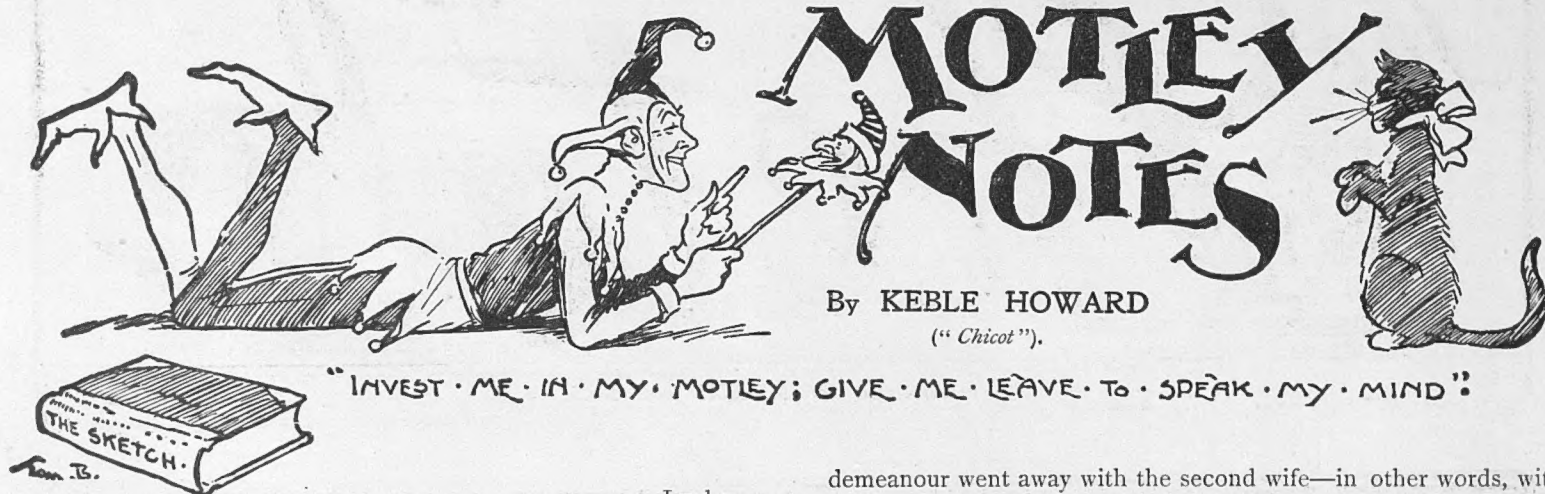
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS DR. PANGLOSS, IN "THE HEIR-AT-LAW," AT THE WALDORF.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



London.

WHAT is your first emotion, friend the reader, when you see in the newspaper that the marriage-laws have claimed another victim? If, for example, your eye falls on some such headline as "Bigamist Sent to Gaol," are you shocked, amused, indignant, or frightened? It is all a matter of temperament, of course, but I believe that nine people out of ten laugh. And why do they laugh? Because the poor man—it is generally a man—has had his ultra-domestic instincts suddenly checked? I think not. Because one woman, at least, has been sacrificed on the altar of the higher civilisation? Perish the thought! They laugh, I fancy, because, despite its beauty and holiness, there is something essentially humorous about the state of matrimony. The old-fashioned father who made awkward jokes at the wedding-breakfast has been snubbed into silence since the invention of High Schools, but there was really no harm in the dear man. He was merely filling in that part of the marriage-service which the parson necessarily omits. For my own part, I am inclined to think that a wedding is incomplete that lacks the consecration of laughter in addition to the blessings of the priest and the tears of the bride's mother. I am not ashamed to admit, therefore, that I see a humorous side to the crime of bigamy. I am talking, of course, of the bigamist who is otherwise free from the taint of criminality.

Take, for instance, the case of the Brooklyn millionaire whose double-life story was reported at length a few days ago. This gentleman was a hardware merchant, the president of a bank, and was prominent in the religious and philanthropic works of the neighbourhood. He was sixty-five years of age, suave in manner, grave in appearance. Well, he married his brother's widow, but took care to keep the matter a secret. There's no harm in that, I suppose? A man has every right to avoid fuss and trouble when both are dispensable. By-and-by his wife became so ill that he thought she was going to die, and the millionaire anticipated the worst by marrying somebody else. At the first blush, this sounds dreadfully callous, but who shall judge him without knowing all the details? Now comes the real tragedy. The first wife did not die, and the harassed millionaire found himself with two wives instead of one. What could a highly respectable financier, suave in manner and grave in appearance, do? What would you have done, friend the reader? This is what the millionaire did. He took another house half a mile from his own, installed the second wife in it, and passed himself off as his own brother. "But why don't we ever see you together?" asked the neighbours. "Why don't you bring your brother to tea?" "It's awfully good of you to think of it," said the suave and grave philanthropist, "but the fact is we don't meet. A little family quarrel, you know. Such things will happen, unfortunately. Yes, yes. And how is Mrs. Johnson?"

The neighbours were perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and the millionaire continued to divide his time between the two houses, always hanging his hat on the right peg in each hall, and always placing his neatly folded umbrella in the umbrella-stand. In the end, as you know, it all came out through a lawyer. (Just like a lawyer to upset two happy homes!) The lawyer charged an exorbitant fee for some work that he had been doing, the suave millionaire refused to pay the fee, affidavits were filed (I'm not quite sure what that means, but I have lifted it out of the newspaper, so that it must be correct), and the philanthropist's double life was exposed. Now came another little difficulty. It was obvious that he must leave Brooklyn and take one of the ladies with him. But which one? A weighty problem, my masters, especially for a man of such gentle disposition. Still, he was compelled, as I say, to come to a decision, and so, with his neatly folded umbrella under his arm, this suave gentleman of grave

demeanour went away with the second wife—in other words, with the wife who was not his wife.

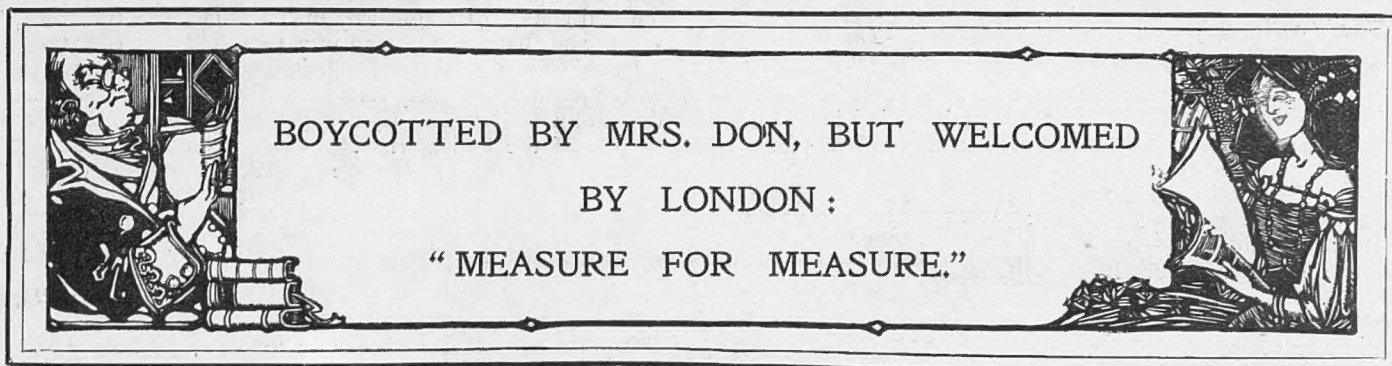
N.B.—There is no moral to this story.

Talking of wives, I learn from a column of literary notes in the *Tribune* that my wife has been writing a novel, and that, to the astonishment of many, it is selling very nicely. I am bound to admit that I share in the astonishment. Indeed, were it not for the unsullied reputation of the literary staff of the *Tribune*, I should have considerable difficulty in believing that my wife would condescend to write a novel. But the matter, bless you, does not stop there. It seems that this indefatigable woman—who would have been better employed, I should have thought, in throwing away some of those ragged shirts and frayed collars which are the despair of my lady-laundress—is writing another novel, and that Mr. Hassall is drawing pictures in it. This is too bad! If my wife did not like to tell me of her little successes, I think Hassall, as an old friend, might have whispered a word through the telephone. I shall make a point of being rather cold with him about it when next we meet on the stage of the London Sketch Club. In the meantime, I can't very well have it out with my wife, because, to be quite frank, I am not married.

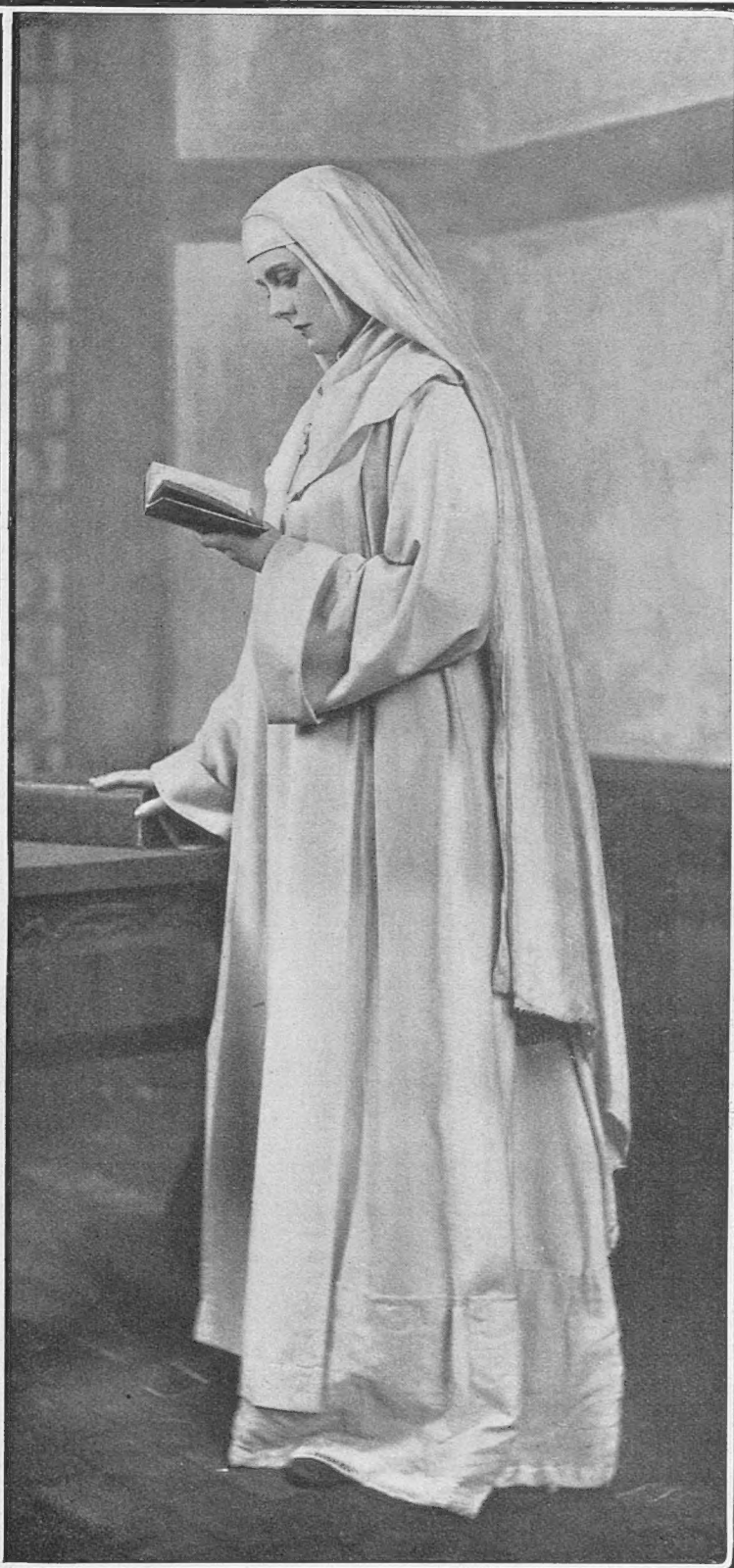
The public of late years have been taking less and less interest in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race. Some of the more advanced among them have been thinking the matter over, and have come to the conclusion that it is really hardly worth while to stand for three hours in four inches of mud in order to see eighteen young gentlemen, all complete strangers, paddle past on a couple of long planks. This year, though, the Boat-Race is getting a good deal of advertisement out of the egg question. The hens have come to the rescue. It is a tremendous triumph for the poultry-yard. The towpath will be crowded this year, and the credit will be due to Mr. and Mrs. Buff Orpington. Whether they will get the credit or not is another matter. But I am sure they must be pleased with the extremely nice things that are being said about them. I read in my paper, for example, that a well-known diet expert draws attention to the exhilarating effect of an egg, and its production of an easy, cheerful frame of mind. This would seem to solve, in a twinkling, the Unemployed Question. Eggs are plentiful and not so very expensive. What a magnificent thing it would be to see a procession of easy, cheerful, egg-eating unemployed! "Boiled for an hour," says my paper, the egg "changes its nature and becomes mealy, like a well-cooked potato, melting on the tongue in delightful fashion." As a friend of mine said who had been ordered by his doctor to abstain from meat spirits, wine, beer, tobacco, and sweets, "Why strive?"

Dr. Reich continues to lunch at Claridge's Hotel on Thursdays, and to talk, after lunch, about everything under the sun. Last Thursday he said that drunkenness had nothing to do with murder, that science was really only a progress in mental stenography by means of generalisation, that a man loved always the same type of woman, that at the bottom of the heart of every nation there was the need of a great hatred, and that when a man or woman was seized by ambition love disappeared. I think I must lunch at Claridge's one day—any day but Thursday.

With regard to all this trouble about smoking-compartments for ladies, will somebody kindly explain to me why the ordinary smoking-compartments are not good enough? For years and years it has been the custom for ladies to travel in smoking-compartments, and it is evident, therefore, that they like them. But now, when they want to smoke themselves instead of watching men do it, they must needs clamour for separate carriages. I hold my head.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS ANGELO.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS ISABELLA.

The production of "Measure for Measure" at the Adelphi gains additional interest from the fact that when the comedy was recently produced by the O.U.D.S., North Oxford, where dwell the married dons, boycotted it. Oxford presented an adaptation passed by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln. The Adelphi version is a wisely edited form. "Measure for Measure" has not been produced in London for a series of performances for some thirty years. In the spring of 1876 it was given at the Haymarket, with Miss Adelaide Neilson as Isabella; before that, Phelps had produced it during his season at Sadler's Wells; Macready in 1824; and Young in 1816. It has, in fact, been far from a favourite with managers, chiefly for the reason that neither characters nor plot can be deemed sympathetic.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE CLUBMAN.

Smoking-Carriages for Ladies—The Coming Dress-Coat—The Why and Wherefore of Some Buttons—Sir John Astley at Ascot—The All-Egg Diet.

SHOULD a lady smoke when she is travelling by train? is one of those questions which the guardians of manners and morals in the papers devoted to the fashions are now constantly asked to answer, and the big railway companies will soon have to consider the convenience of those ladies, ever increasing in number, to whom an occasional cigarette is a necessity, and who do not like to spend an hour in a train without opening their little silver or gold cigarette-cases. The lady who must smoke is not welcome in the carriage labelled "For ladies only"; she cannot, as a rule, support the atmosphere of an ordinary smoking-carriage; and she is still a little diffident of asking permission to smoke in a general non-smoking compartment.

"Ladies are requested not to put their cigarettes on the billiard-tables," is a notice which struck my eye the other day in one of the London clubs devoted to the fair sex, and it set me wondering whether the wonderful increase in the number of ladies who smoke is due to club life. At any little luncheon party *intime*, when the cigarettes go round at least half the ladies present smoke one, and it is not at all exceptional to find all the distaff side blowing wreaths of smoke, while very few of the men have a cigarette in their mouths. Perhaps some of the sterner sex care only for pipes or cigars, but my observation is that men nowadays limit themselves, or are limited by their doctors, as to what and when they smoke, whereas the ban has not yet fallen on the mild cigarette at any hour of womanhood.

Ten years ago, if a lady smoked a cigarette in a restaurant she was taken to be either a foreigner or a British Bohemian; but watch now at any of the restaurants how tiny points of light appear at many tables when the lamps are turned down as a preliminary hint that the powers that be believe that citizens should neither eat nor drink after half-past twelve o'clock. Those little points of brilliance represent the one whiff which is now a necessity to the completion of the repast of so many ladies. The party of dames who one day last week reserved a smoking-carriage for themselves had numbers on their side. The problem which mildly distresses my mind and has led me to discourse on the smoking lady is, what are our railway authorities going to do for the lady travelling by herself who wishes to smoke?

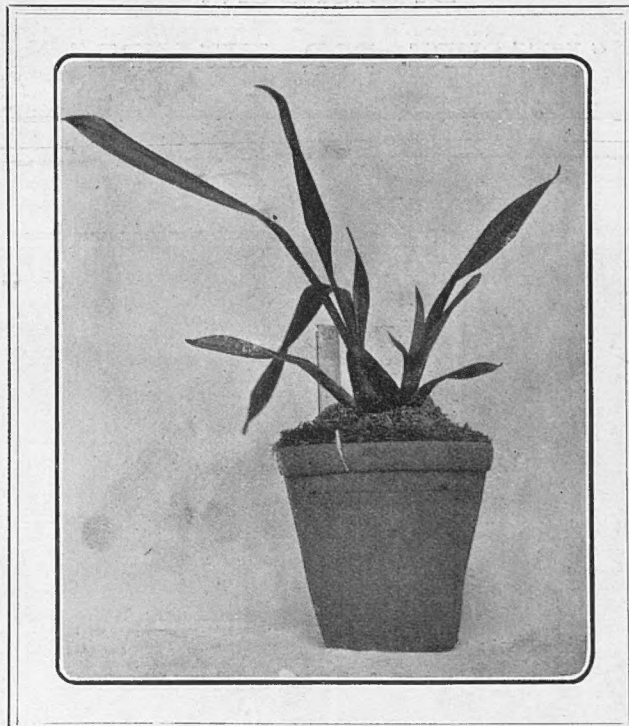
I see that the chief organ of the tailoring trade says that his Majesty the King has expressed his disapproval of the present evening-dress coat, and that the whole talent of the trade is now being devoted

to the production of a suitable new model. We men are very conservative creatures in our dress, and I do not suppose that one man in a hundred has ever thought why his dress-coat has two rows of buttons in front, and that not one man in a thousand has ever tried to button his "swallow-tail" up in front. Yet our dress-coats are double-breasted garments, closely related to the blue coat with brass buttons which John Bull wears, tightly buttoned, on the stage and in the drawings of the caricaturists. Some of the Diplomatic uniforms—stripped, of course, of their gold—would form a very good model for the new dress-coat.

How many men, I wonder, have ever considered why they have two buttons on the backs of their frock and other London coats? These are relics of the days when every man of position wore a sword, and the buttons supported the belt and kept the back-sling in its place. Those two little buttons play a not unimportant part in our social life to-day. It is as necessary to wear them as it is to have the official pass to go into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Thereby hangs a tale. Sir John Astley, "The Mate," the good-natured, white-bearded sportsman whose name is still held in reverence, never paid any very great attention to dress, and his usual coat when on a race-course in summer was an easy garment, which looked very like a sack. He had put this coat on for one of the Ascot race-days, entirely forgetting that there were any sumptuary laws at the Royal Meeting. At the entrance to the sacred enclosure the man in green and gold stopped him, and, with due respect, called his attention to the fact that he was not wearing a coat of ceremony. Sir John, having ascertained that the two buttons behind would technically change a sack into a frock coat, went back to the grand stand, called the attendant in the ladies' room into council, and, with two neat piebald bone buttons sewn on to the back of his merino coat, once more presented himself at the enclosure-gate and was admitted.

Horus, King of the Assyrians, discovered that owls' eggs in wine were a cure for drunkenness. I have no doubt that if the eggs were kept long enough they were an effectual cure. I have no pronounced sympathy with either of the 'Varsity

crews in their annual race on the Thames; but I tremble to think how the virtues of eggs as a diet will be held up to all of us if Cambridge should win this year. One of the invariable failures of the British "good plain cook" is an omelette, and if we are to be fed on eggs for breakfast and lunch and dinner I devoutly hope that our housewives will discover that there are other ways of treating an egg than poaching, boiling, scrambling, and making it into an omelette. Some of the cookery-books of the Mediæval Church might be very useful, and we shall have to go to Spain and Portugal to learn how really appetising eggs can be made by a cook for a *dîner maigre*.



THE ORCHID SOLD FOR 1150 GUINEAS: THE ODONTOGLOSSUM CRISPIUM PITTIANUM.

The orchid here illustrated was recently awarded two gold medals at Manchester. It was sold last week by Messrs. Protheroe and Morris, bidding starting at 250 guineas and ending at 1150 guineas. The sum is said to be a record for a single orchid plant.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A SMOKING-CARRIAGE FOR LADIES ONLY.

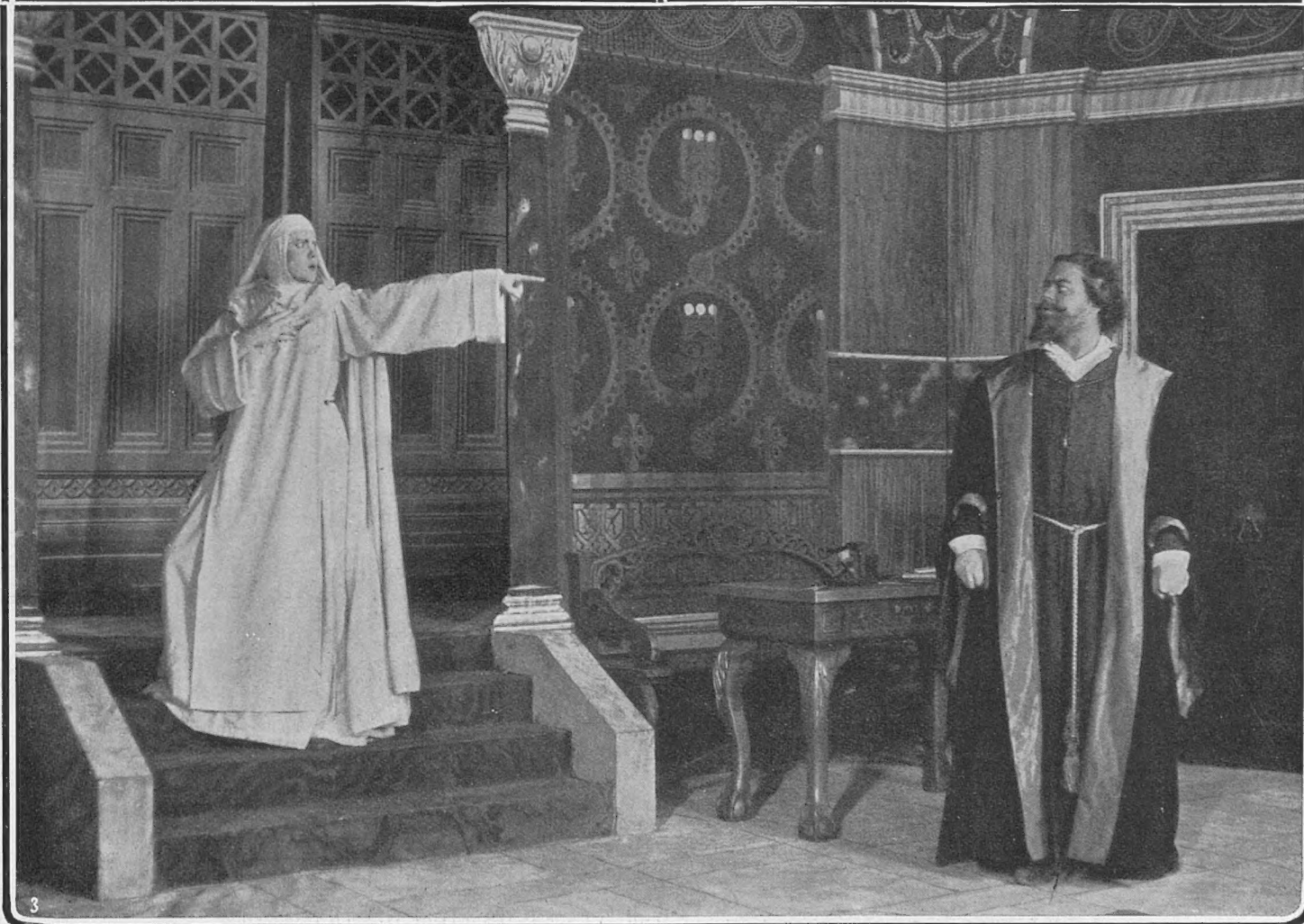
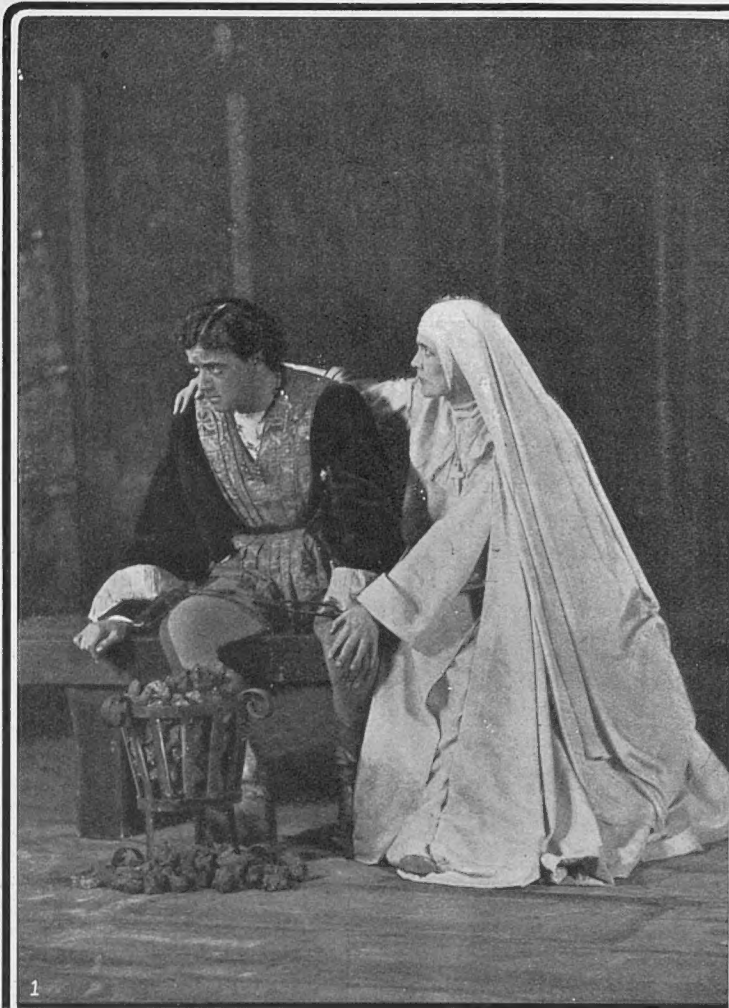
The railway companies have not yet decided to provide smoking-carriages for ladies; but that such a move would be popular, in a measure at all events, is proved by the fact that last week a party of three ladies had a first-class smoking-carriage reserved for them on the "American Special" from Euston by the London and North-Western Railway.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE," AT THE ADELPHI.

CLAUDIO (MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS). ISABELLA (MISS LILY BRAYTON).

ISABELLA (MISS LILY BRAYTON).



ISABELLA (MISS LILY BRAYTON).

ANGELO (MR. OSCAR ASCHE).

1.—CLAUDIO : Death is a fearful thing.
ISABELLA : And sham'd life a hateful.
CLAUDIO : Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.

2.—ISABELLA : I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

3.—ISABELLA : I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,

Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

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PLACES AND PARTIES IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER

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LADY HERMIONE GRAHAM, WHO IS TO MARRY CAMERON OF LOCHIEL TO-MORROW (MARCH 29th).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

consequence of this report, the Kaiser at once let Prince Nicholas know that he would pay him a visit this spring.

The Petticoat in Politics.

Never was the potency of the fair sex in politics more amusingly demonstrated than in the selection of Lord Graham as Unionist candidate for the Eye division bye-election. To begin with, Lady Stradbroke presided in the absence of her lord, and made a very excellent chairman of the meeting. Everyone wanted Lord Graham to stand, but he pleaded some nonsensical "business"—you know, men are like that; and it was not until his fiancée, Lady Mary Hamilton, who was present with her mother, Mary Duchess of Hamilton, appealed to him that he climbed down. Lady Mary's Suffolk estates are in the constituency. But please observe that this was a meeting of an association composed of men!

Lochiel's Wedding. To-morrow, the 29th, Lady Mary Hamilton appears in a different rôle—that of bridesmaid at the wedding of Lochiel to Lady Hermione Graham. Captain Donald Cameron, as the poor Sassenach would call him, is a veritable Highland chieftain. He knows Gaelic fluently, and is the feudal king of the Cameron country in Inverness-shire. Curiously enough, Lochiel is not the name of a place, but of an arm of the sea, Loch Eil, surrounded by Achnacarry Castle and estates, Lady Hermione's future home. Lochiel is always christened Donald, the bridegroom of to-morrow being the twenty-fourth in succession.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

The wife of the ex-Colonial Secretary is an important member of the interesting politico-literary society who dwell beneath the shadows of Westminster Abbey and the Victoria Tower. It is a curious circumstance that

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

It is said in Vienna that King Edward will go up the Adriatic and pay a visit to Cattigine while he is on his Mediterranean trip. The Crown Prince Danilo brought over the invitation when he came to London, and if his Majesty climbs up to the Montenegrin capital, he will stay at Prince Mirko's villa, and be present at a review of the troops. There is no more curious place in Europe than this little cottage capital, stuck down in a crater on the top of a mountain, and the King will be well repaid for his trouble if he does go. As a natural

Mrs. Lyttelton was first drawn to live in Westminster by reading the late Sir Walter Besant's intensely dramatic story, "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," and it is still more curious that the house, No. 16, Great College Street, which she and her husband triumphantly secured, is the very house which Besant had in his mind as the scene of his story. Miss Edith Sophy Balfour married Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who was not then in Parliament, in 1892. She was the daughter of Mr. Archibald Balfour, a member of an old Scottish family, but not related, we believe, unless very remotely, to the Balfours of Whittingehame. She was still a very young bride when her husband entered Parliament for Speaker Peel's old seat, Warwick and Leamington, but her electioneering powers were not revealed until three years ago, when Mr. Lyttelton had to seek re-election on his appointment to succeed Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary. Mr. Lyttelton broke down early in the contest, and his wife conducted it for him with great spirit and charm; he certainly owed his return to her efforts. Mrs. Lyttelton is keenly interested in literature, and it will be remembered that she joined the little band of feminine playwrights some time ago with a play full of dramatic power, and at the same time revealing her sympathetic interest in the condition of women workers. She has two children, a boy and a girl.



CAMERON OF LOCHIEL, WHO IS TO MARRY LADY HERMIONE GRAHAM TO-MORROW (29th).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

"All the Winners" in Church.

The separation of Church from State proceeds apace in France. So long, however, as the last link remains unsevered, the appearance of the State in the churches is peculiarly Parisian. At one of the most famous churches in Paris the present writer was received this week by a janitor in uniform, who ushered him into the building erected, seven centuries ago, to receive from the Emperor of Constantinople the

Crown of Thorns and a great portion of the True Cross. One's promenade was interrupted by an angry protest from the janitor. His command was to keep, not off the grass, but upon the carpet, lest one trod upon the curious tombstones of dead Canons with which the centre of the church is paved. A proper reproof, no doubt. But the man who delivered it wore his hat within the sacred building, and seemed the more annoyed from the fact that his attention had been diverted from the sporting columns of *La Patrie*, which he was reading in the church.



THE WIFE OF THE EX-COLONIAL SECRETARY: THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON.

Photograph by Haines



THE LATEST METHOD OF DEFEATING THE DOG-THIEF: TATTOOING A MONOGRAM INSIDE THE EAR OF A PET FOX-TERRIER.—A PAINLESS OPERATION.

Photograph by J. C. Bristow Hill.

"The Only Man in China." There is one fact in common between the Emperor of China and the Dowager-Empress—both have had many opportunities of reading their obituaries in the newspapers. The Empress, whom some of the papers killed again the other day, still flourishes. She has come through many dangers, and for years past her life would have been considered a "war risk" by an insurance actuary. It is those by whom danger has been threatened who have gone under. As with ruthless steps she made her way upwards many were trodden down. None has been able to withstand this wonderful little woman, who, sold as a slave, was given to the Emperor to be an inmate of his harem; to become his Empress, outlive him and his successor, and keep in servile subjection the man who should now be ruler. "The only man in China," her subjects call her; others see in her our Elizabeth, Queen with the heart of a King; or a Catherine de' Medici, or a Catherine of Russia. Prince Henry of Prussia found her the most impassive lady he has ever interviewed; her sole contribution to the intercourse was one prodigious wink. The ladies of the Diplomatic circle were delighted at her reception of them—until they found that the person who had acted as interpreter was a woman of not stainless reputation.

Legal Stories. There is something very "fruity" about good legal stories, and there should be plenty of them in Mr. J. B. Atlay's forthcoming book on the Victorian Chancellors. Of these heroes Lord Westbury (Sir Richard Bethell) was probably the bitterest and most cynical, while the great Lord Brougham could be pretty "nasty" when he liked. Mr. Atlay, who is the son of a former Bishop of Hereford, has long been known for his interest in what may be called the human side of law and lawyers, and readers of the *Cornhill*, in particular, delight in his entertaining papers.

A Man of Parts. Mr. Edwin Abbey, R.A., who is fifty-four on Sunday, was born on All Fools' Day. Perhaps his natal day has something to do with the invincible cheeriness of his temperament. A man who will devote twelve years to one work, as he did to "The Quest of the Holy Grail" for the Boston Library, and another ten to his unequalled series of Shakspeare illustrations, might appear a sober, plodding, industrious fellow, too busy to be merry. But America has never sent us a sunnier-souled man than the artist whom the King chose to paint the Coronation picture. He is a delightful *raconteur*, has an endless fund of stories, and has that wit and drollery and high spirits which make him welcome in the best of company. Society does not see a great deal of him. Two-thirds of his time he

spends down in Gloucestershire—where he has a huge studio, if few models—and the remainder in London. He rejoices in the possession of a wonderful butler, a man who is expert not only where the old wine mellows; he is a demon bowler, and when Mr. Abbey in a morning's practice scores half-a-dozen boundaries off him he feels disposed to challenge Gilbert Jessop for the sloggership of Gloucestershire.

A Beanfeast for Bachelors.

The Belgians are known to be very enterprising and industrious, though they only count among the minor Powers of Europe. But really something ought to be done about the spinsters of Ecaussines-Lalaing. It is quite a small place, a junction between Ghent and Charleroi, and yet its name will soon be known very widely; for the maiden inhabitants thereof have decided to give "a huge matrimonial party to all the bachelors of the world" on Whit Monday, June 4. We should certainly like to be present as spectators. There is plenty of time yet for the enterprising Yank, the Canadian backwoodsman pining for a good domestic helpmeet, and the various sorts of Continental Counts and Barons to "roll up" gallantly in their thousands. Senator Smoot, of Utah, however, would probably find it useless to take the journey. We like the frank way in which these fair ones call their party "matrimonial," and perhaps they would not be offended if we were to suggest the issue of an artistically designed poster containing some typical portraits.

Majorities.

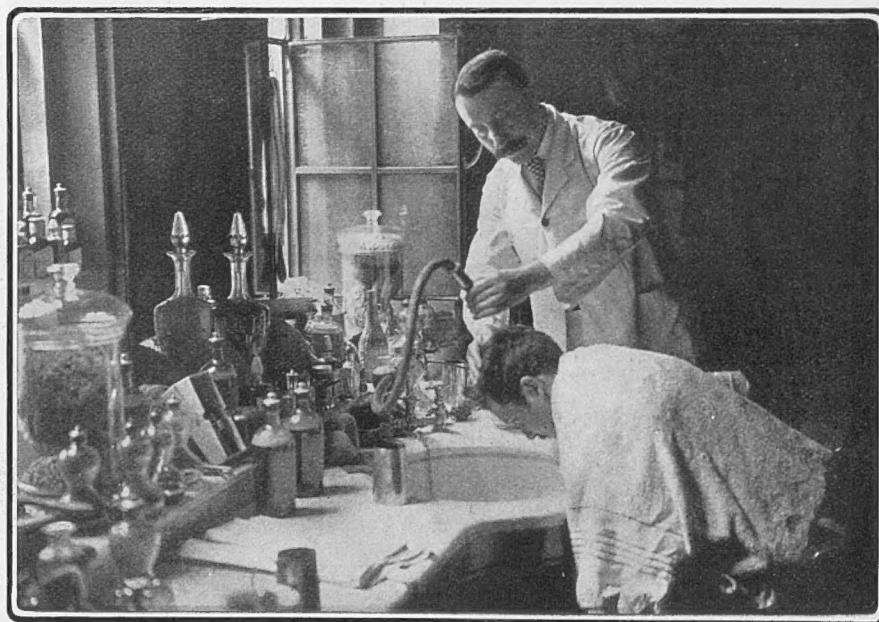
Society, so lately occupied with majorities of the political sort, is now interested in several comings-of-age. The Hon. Edward Mostyn, the future Lord Mostyn, struck twenty-one the other day, but the celebrations at Mostyn Hall are postponed till later in the year. The heir, who is serving at Aldershot with his regiment, the Irish Guards, is a fine upstanding man of something like six feet four inches, and his fair inheritance includes a good part of Llandudno town. The Flintshire tenants lighted bonfires on the hills in honour of the day. Lord Maidstone's coming-of-age will soon follow that of his cousin, the Hon. Eric Upton, son of Lord Templetown, which occurred this month.

Giant Cigars. One of the principal cigar manufactories of Havana has lately been making some enormous cigars which measure eighteen inches long and six inches in circumference. They are not very heavy, as they weigh only about four ounces, but they cost a sovereign apiece in Havana, and a hundred and twenty pounds a hundred here. They are evidently the sort of cigars to smoke after the Lord Mayor's Banquet.



"THE ONLY MAN IN CHINA": HER MAJESTY THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS.

From a photograph of Miss Katherine Carl's picture by G. G. Bain.



CHEAP "HAIR-CUTS" FOR M.P.s: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' BARBER AT WORK.

The new Parliament speedily discovered that the charges made in the hair-dressing rooms attached to the House were of a "West-End" nature, and promptly took steps to have them reduced. It now costs the M.P. sixpence to have his hair cut, instead of a shilling, and threepence for a shave, in place of sixpence.

Photograph by the Press Studio.



FROM THE STAGE TO SOCIETY:
MRS. ERIC CONANT.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.

the interesting and still little-known her husband was despatched on special service for the Foreign Office.

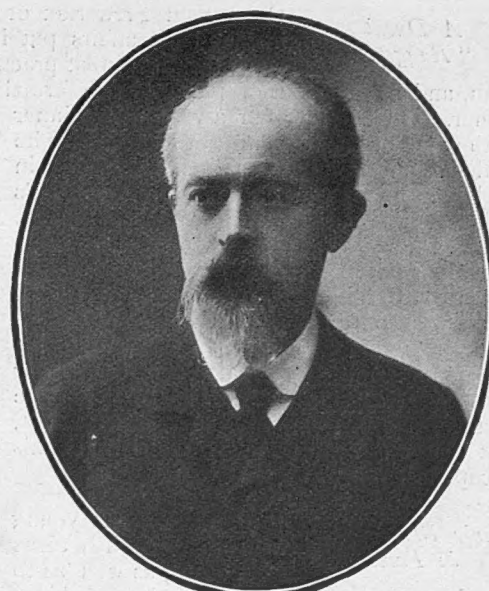
A Loss to the Stage.

Mrs. Eric Conant, though she will not be recognised by playgoers under that name, was a real loss to the stage when she retired from it some years ago. She had appeared in several important productions, but the strain proved too great for her health. The daughter of Colonel Flemyng Gyll, R.H.A., she married Mr. Eric Conant about two years ago. She had before her marriage travelled a great deal with her father in India and elsewhere, and as Mrs. Conant she visited

Somaliland country, whither

Ambassador, being only just over fifty. He married nearly twenty years ago, and has two children.

M. Lépine. Monsieur Lépine, the famous Prefect of the Paris Police, celebrates his sixtieth birthday next August, and he has held his terribly responsible post, on and off, since 1893. We say on and off, because he put in some time between as Governor of Algeria. A lawyer by profession, he volunteered in his country's need in the war with Germany, and saw service with the Mobiles of the Rhône, being both wounded and decorated. Now he is Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and is believed to have saved more Sovereigns and Presidents from assassination than any other man now living.



PREFECT OF THE PARIS POLICE:
M. LÉPINE.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

La Merelli as Literary Lady.

Not to know "Merellia" is to prove that you have no real knowledge of literature. "Merellia" is the masterpiece that La Merelli has written on her romantic voyage to Brazil with Gallay. But in the book the scene is laid in India, and it is in an atmosphere of balm and spices that everything takes place. Gallay is no longer the little bank clerk on £112 a year. He has become the Rajah of Cachemire—a Rajah with blonde hair and eyes of agate. The fair Merelli of actual life is slightly disguised under the name of Merellia. She is a dancer, the most fêted of all Anandapura. For her the Kehatriyas, whoever they may be, ruin themselves, and she is preferred even before the priestesses of the temple of Siva. To know whether the preference was justified one wants to have seen the ladies of the temple of Siva. But Merellia is indisputably beautiful—according to the story. The Rajah with the agate eyes is deeply enamoured, and carries her away. Away, away they fly to the dazzling and mysterious Golconda. Alas! on their arrival, the gentleman with the agate top-lights and the lady of the twinkling feet are seized and put into a dungeon deep. Finally, Merellia so captivates the Judge that they let her go, for you must know that Gallay is no Rajah at all, but a mere low-caste man. Which is rough on Gallay, after what has passed, eh?



MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE, WHO IS GIVING A DINNER TO THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE MEMBERS OF THE CABINET TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY).

Photograph by Langflier.

The New Italian Ambassador.

The new Italian Ambassador to this country, Marquis Tittoni, is sure of a warm welcome, for he has many friends in England. He received part of his education, indeed, at Oxford, and more lately he was, as Foreign Secretary, in attendance on King Victor Emmanuel during his Majesty's memorable visit to King Edward last year. Marquis Tittoni is still young for an

was still in her teens when, in 1904, she made a love-match with Mr. William Malebisse Beckwith, a young officer of the Coldstream Guards who had been wounded at Magersfontein, the son of the squire of Millchope, in Shropshire. It was a simple wedding, although celebrated in the Guards' Chapel, and Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, who had brought up her niece from infancy, gave the reception. Lady Muriel is extremely pretty, with the fair colouring and dark eyes of her family, as well as the characteristic soft voice and gentle, high-bred manner of the Gordon-Lennox clan. She has a little boy, born last year.

A Scottish-American Peer.

There is on a visit to this country at the moment a noble who is at once a Scottish Peer and an American citizen—Albert Kirby Fairfax, twelfth Baron Fairfax, of Cameron. The history of his family is as fascinating as it is unusual. He traces his lineage from Richard Fairfax, of Walton, who flourished in the time of the sixth Henry, and his barony dates from 1627. To the sixth Baron there came, through the distaff side, a great fortune, land in Kent and the Isle of Wight, and some 5,700,000 acres in Virginia, and in due course the said Baron visited the estate last named, with the result that, in 1739, he settled on it, and built Greenway Court and Hastings Lodge. To him succeeded a brother, and to him a kinsman, the Rev. Brian Fairfax, who journeyed to this country to prove his right to the title. The ninth Baron resided at Vancluse, Fairfax County, Virginia, and there was born the tenth lord, who became Speaker of the House of Delegates, California.

Lady Muriel Beckwith.

Lady Muriel Beckwith is one of the four charming daughters of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. She



THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR:
MARQUIS TITTONI.

Photograph by Le Lieure.



A DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON: LADY MURIEL BECKWITH.

Photograph by Langflier.

*A Ducal
"Ragger."*

Duke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg, who has just had his affairs put in charge of the family council, was a great practical joker when a young man, and so quite out of place in the formal and rigid Court of his father. One night, after a very lively dinner with some of the officers of the garrison, he collected all the night watchmen of Schwerin and led them to an attack on his father's palace. The guard, which was a small one, allowed itself to be easily overpowered by the old soldiers, who were armed only with pikes and halberds, and when the Grand Duke went out in the morning for his usual walk he found his guard locked up in the cellars, and the night watchmen, with their venerable weapons, acting as sentries. The young Duke was promptly put under arrest, but that was by no means the last of his escapades.

*Early Spring Art
in Paris.* In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to painting as well as to the less onerous pastime of love-making. The Salon des Artistes Indépendants has come with the buds of the Champs-Élysées. It is a brave show of free and unfettered art. All you have to do is to hire a yard or two of the wall and send in your picture. If they are not filled up, they will take you.



PARIS.—Mlle. de Salignac, "QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS."

Mlle. de Salignac, the French actress, claims to be a veritable queen of the flowers. In summer and winter alike her pretty home is decked with rare and costly blooms, and it is her boast that she has been photographed wearing a greater variety of flowers than any other woman in the world.

The arrangement has its advantages. Nothing stands between you and the artist—no hanging committee, no anything. He is hung whether he deserves it or not. Nothing is stranger than the artist let loose upon the public. Scarlet grass and hills of pink are banal at the Salon des Indépendants; it is when the spring dauber distorts a familiar scene that one gets, really angry. Can there not be notices posted, say, on classic spots such as the garden of the Luxembourg and corners of the Bois: "Independents and other unlicensed painters are requested to keep off the grass"? But they take themselves very seriously these young men of the Quartier, who bloom in the spring. Collarless, long-haired, and wearing sandals in a blizzard, they will prate by the hour together of the glorious ethics of impressionism. Unfortunately, the bourgeoisie refuses to part with its money even to decorate its absurd homes with the output of spring youth in Quartier garrets.

*The Two-Sou
Stamp.*

The colour of the new penny stamp for inland use in France will be a light tint of salmon—very much the same shade as that already employed for the issue of this denomination. The figure of the woman-sower, "La Semeuse," will appear more distinctly than it does in the actual engraving. "La Semeuse" has

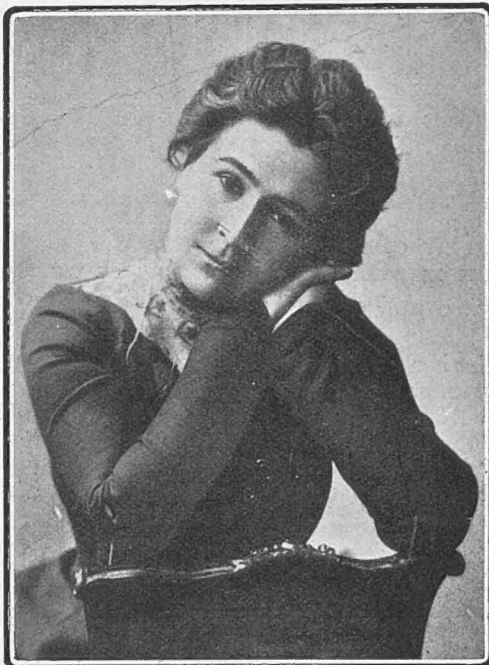
been accused of sowing against the wind, because her hair streams out behind her. "But," says the artist Roty, her designer, "she is not sowing against the wind; it is merely the movement of hair caused by her walk. Moreover, does not the sower sow with and against the wind, according as he ascends or descends the furrow?" Anyway, the new "Semeuse," who will begin her sowing on April 16 next, will be irreproachable in the smallest details. She will sow up the hill, and the rays of the setting sun will illumine her face and figure. The modifications which have been introduced are largely due to M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts, who made a sketch for the new model. Thus the new stamp at ten centimes, which will oust the old at three sous (the price of inland postage until April 16), promises to be one of the prettiest issues known to philately.



TSARSKOE SELO.—Mlle. KOUZMINA, RECENTLY HONoured BY THE TSAR.

Mlle. Kouzmina, the celebrated ballet-dancer of the Russian Imperial Theatre, recently gave a command performance at Tsarskoe Selo before the Tsar and a party of his friends. His Imperial Majesty is said to have had a long chat with the actress, and to have presented her with some beautiful flowers.

THE MOST TALKED-OF WOMEN
IN TSARSKOE SELO, PARIS,
CONSTANTINOPLE, & MOSCOW.



MOSCOW.—MME. KNIPPER, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY JEWS WHILE PLAYING IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Mme. Knipper has been playing Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" while on tour in Russia. On one occasion the play was being presented before an audience of whom eighty per cent. were Jews. These objected strongly to the stage Shylock, and bombarded him with stones. The police then attempted to clear the theatre, and in the mêlée that ensued Mme. Knipper received a nasty wound from a well-aimed boot.

married the Princess Marie of Orleans. The late King therefore left the whole of his fortune to Prince Waldemar, who, by the way, is the only son who does not occupy a throne.

*First-Night
Terrors.*

Like most members of their profession, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving, by whom the former's adaptation of "Jeunesse" is produced at the Lyric on Saturday evening, have not outgrown their nervous apprehensions of first-night performances. Both can tell their tales of terrors, both most solemnly vow that, if they get through this next part all right, they will never again be nervous—



CONSTANTINOPLE.—Mlle. MEDIHA, KEEPER OF THE SULTAN'S AVIARY.

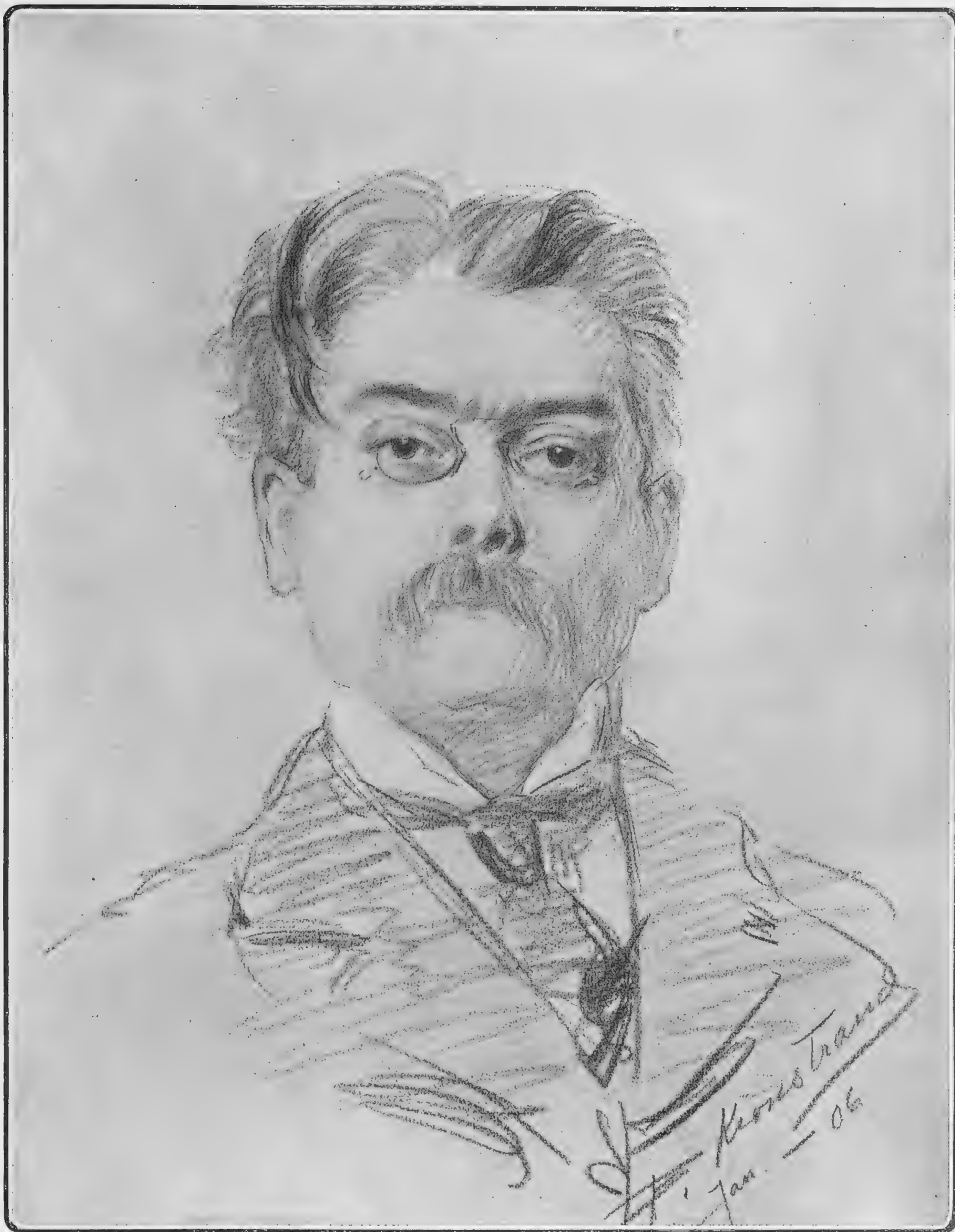
It is said that "Abdul the Ahem'd" has purchased a collection of British song-birds, which is to be placed in the gardens of his harem. A Constantinople correspondent sends us this photograph, asserting it to be a portrait of the young Turkish girl who has been appointed to look after the Sultan's new aviary.

until the next time. Mr. Irving's worst experience was not a first night, but a third—the concluding performance of the Oxford Union Dramatic Society, before an audience composed of his fellow-undergraduates. To begin, his armour became inextricably enmeshed with that of King Philip of France, and where the one went the other was bound to go. Then the drawbridge over which the citizens were to issue to deliver the keys of the citadel would not come down, and the massive walls of Angers had to be pushed up until it did. Finally, when the leading citizen knelt to present the key, he got too far forward as the curtain fell, and was left outside, clinging with frenzied devotion to the empty cushion whence the key had disappeared.

*King Christian's
Heir.*

When the late King Christian of Denmark came to the throne he was a very poor man, but during his long reign he saved the sum of £160,000. It so happens that, either by marriage or by inheritance, all his children are now extremely wealthy with the exception of the youngest son, Prince Waldemar, who left the whole of his fortune to Prince Waldemar, who, by the way, is the only son who does not occupy a throne.

PLATONIST - IN - ORDINARY TO THE PEERAGE.



DR. EMIL REICH.

Dr. Reich has been expounding Plato to fashionable audiences at Claridge's, and his opinions have caused considerable comment and controversy. In his first lecture he explained that "Plato is as simple as he can be, as naïve and lifelike as any work of art in Greece. He meant to write for the man in the street." On other occasions, Dr. Reich endeavoured to define happiness, and discussed the passions, dealing with what he described as the three grand passions—drink, avarice, and love. Dr. Reich is an Hungarian.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. KRONSTRAND.



By E. A. B.

A "Constable" on a Frying-Pan.

The Duchess of Marlborough's At Home to-day is on behalf of the Church Army Art Department. Such art as the Church Army brings to light is the art of the poor man, the broken man, the man who has fallen by the wayside. There is one such of whom it is unlikely that the Church Army knows. He is the bearer of a name famous in art,

and is the outcast of the family. His home is a dismal garret; his stock-in-trade a few pennyworths of colours which he grinds himself. Canvas is beyond his normal means; he employs cardboard, the covers of large old books. He has done a "Constable" on the interior of a frying-pan, a "Turner" on the broken leaf of an old mahogany table. Sometimes, in a moment of inspiration, he attempts an original; mainly copies of Constable and Turner occupy his hours. Perhaps he has no creative faculty; but his powers of imitation are wonderful. Two of his pictures adorn the walls of a rich American. The artist received five shillings a-piece for them; their present owner carried them off at £700 the



THE DIRECTOR-PROPRIETORS OF THE MONTE VERITA SANATORIUM FOR THE VEGETARIAN CURE: SIGNOR OEDENKOVEN AND SIGNORA MARIA HOFMAN. The sanatorium is near Ascona, and is designed to meet the wants of "people weary of the world," who put themselves under "a regulated but happy life," seeking, "in a primitive existence, quiet of body and spirit and the health they have lost."

Photograph by Adolfo Croce.

pair. To him they are genuine Turners, and bargains. The man who did them starves in his unlit and unwarmed garret, and will starve until they carry him to the parish cemetery—or to Bedlam.

Churches Under the Hammer.

It must have come as a shock to many people yesterday to find the church of St. Michael, Burleigh Street, under the hammer. The auctioneer would probably be the least surprised of any. To such a salesman come the thrones and crown jewels of kings and princes, and he sells them with as little concern as he sells the mummies of the Pharaohs and their ladies, the bones of a soldier broken in our wars, an island or an autograph. Everything is a "lot," and no more, that comes under his hammer. Then, it really is not so uncommon an occurrence for a church to come into the market in this manner. Christ Church, Birmingham, went for a five-pound note a year or so ago, and St. Michael's, Wood Street, City, for broken-brick price.

The Dear Departed. A difficulty experienced by those intending to speculate in bricks and mortar which once were churches is as to the dead which underlie many of the buildings. From St. Michael's they carried the remains to Woking. At other times they were not so careful; many establishments in the City are built upon dead men's bones. And it may be disconcerting, during a business deal, to have said to one, as was said by a certain Scottish laird to a pedlar, "Man, d'ye know where ye are? Ye're sitting on the grave of a man who has been a hundred years in hell!" And there are other possibilities of trouble; for instance, a widow came fuming to a London vicar, demanding the exhumation of the remains of her long-departed husband. She had just discovered that in a certain section of the burial-ground the victims of a small-pox visitation were laid. And there, all these years

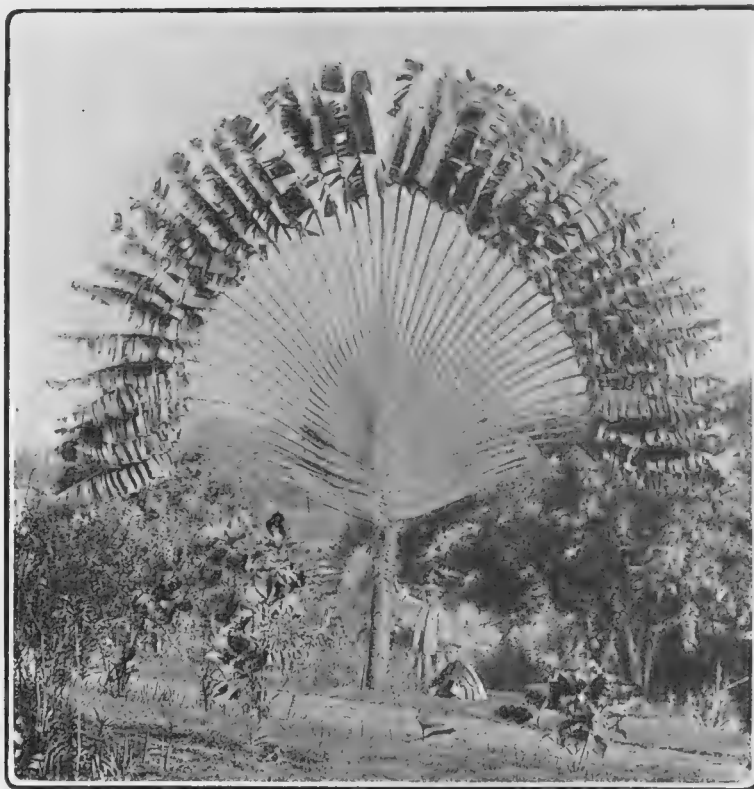
afterwards, they had laid her husband. "It is an outrage to bury my William next to a man who died of small-pox, and him never had it in his life!" she protested.

Monkey Language.

Six-and-thirty monkeys are at this moment on their way from Central Africa to the University of Chicago. A department has been established there for the study of monkey language. This has been done before by a gentleman with more original ideas. He caged himself instead of the monkeys, and, so he tells us, heard them in their native wilds telling after-dinner stories with perfect freedom. The prettiest speech ever made by a monkey in these islands was a speech without words. There was at the Dublin "Zoo" a famous baboon which was tenderly attached to Dr. Ball, the head of the gardens. Every time he passed, the Doctor would pat the creature on the head, and perhaps give it some dainty dear to the simian tooth. But one day the Lord Lieutenant accompanied the doctor round the "Zoo," and the friend behind the bars was forgotten in the promenade. The baboon took the slight to heart, and would have no more to do with its whilom patron, but shunned him every time he approached. In course of time the grieving thing fell ill of consumption. The day before it died it crawled to the front of the cage and held out its paw in token of reconciliation.

The Black Cat Detective.

Another and more striking instance of the intelligence of animals is recalled by the number of curious wills which have been published during the last few days. The story is recorded in the diary of Cornelia Knight, companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, so there should not be any doubt as to its authenticity. An Irishwoman who had a nephew, a lawyer, died, leaving him all she owned. She possessed a fine black cat, a faithful creature which never left her in life, and remained by the body after her death. After the will had been read, a door was opened, and the cat entered the apartment and



A "PUBLIC HOUSE" ON A STALK: THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

During the guerilla warfare between the French and the Hovas of Madagascar, in the years 1883-5, many a native warrior, hard pressed by his enemies, had cause to bless his island's wonderful palm, popularly known as the "Traveller's Tree." The long leaf-stalks of the plant are divided into small cubical chambers, about half an inch square, and these are filled with a clear watery sap, which forms a delightfully refreshing drink.

Photograph by G. R. Lambert and Co.

sprang at the throat of the lawyer. Before they could liberate him the creature had so bitten and torn him that he almost died. His death did occur eighteen months later. On his deathbed he confessed that he had murdered his aunt the earlier to get possession of the property which she owned.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A DERVISH WEARING A WIG MADE FROM THE HAIR OF HIS WIVES.

This whirling dervish of Constantinople is known throughout Turkey as the wearer of the most wonderful wig in the world. This wig is made from hair which once belonged to his wives, of whom he had seven. His record is the more remarkable as "Mevlevis" usually observe celibacy.



A BELGIAN-CHINESE MANDARIN: M. SPINGARD.

M. Spingard, who was born in Brussels, is known in China as General Ling Fon Ichen. He recently arrived at Antwerp, there to purchase mining material and other machinery for certain Chinese mining provinces which he represents. He has a Chinese wife and twelve children.



ARRESTED BY THE RUSSIAN POLICE: Mlle. TINA DE LORENZO.

Mlle. de Lorenzo was arrested by the Russian police a few days ago while on her way to her flat, and was taken to the police station. There she was cross-questioned with the greatest care, but eventually, her identity having been proved, she was released—without either explanation or apology.



AN ORCHESTRA WITHOUT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: TONGAN LADIES PRODUCING MELODY BY CLAPPING THEIR HANDS.

Our photograph shows the celebrated Mua ladies' hand-orchestra, who have performed in Australia on numerous occasions. They render tunes by clapping their hands, and it is said that the melody they produce is surprisingly sweet. Two of the principal effects obtained are imitations of thunder and of falling water. Most of the members of this strange orchestra live by collecting edible fungi and candle-nuts.



THE MOST POPULAR "POSTCARD" IN GERMANY: FRÄULEIN RETA WALTER.

Fräulein Walter has just been returned at the head of the poll in a "popular-actress competition," and her portrait, in picture-postcard form, has prominent place in most German stationers'.



THE TSAR'S CHINESE TUTOR: MR. CHUNG TCHIN TOOM.

A Russian newspaper makes the somewhat surprising announcement that the Tsar is studying Chinese. Mr. Chung Tchin Toom, whose portrait we give, is said to be acting as his Imperial Majesty's teacher.



THE MAN WHO HATED HUMANITY: M. MARCEL.

M. Marcel hanged himself a few days ago, and decreed that his bonds and banknotes should be buried with him, stating that he hated humanity and did not wish men to benefit by his fortune.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE BEAUTY OF BATH"—"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION"—"MEASURE FOR MEASURE"—"THE CANDIDATE"—"THE HEIR-AT-LAW."

THE country cousin, when he visits "The Beauty of Bath" (which certainly will run through the season), may be rather puzzled by its "esoteric humours." I hardly expected ever to use such a phrase about a musical comedy. There is so much concerning Miss Terriss and Mr. Hicks and his recent litigation that the audience seem almost intruders upon domestic affairs, and of course such matters have nothing to do with the piece—perhaps this is typical of musical comedy. You may have a plot, in this case quite an unusual quantity of plot, but the characters do not pretend to treat it seriously, or try to make the play plausible; and hence it is that these works are mere entertainments and not dramatic works at all. As an entertainment the piece devised by Messrs. Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton is excellently suited to the public taste, though even the unexacting might ask for dialogue with jokes a little fresher and less obvious: there seems a belief in some quarters that the public dislikes new jokes, but I fancy it is ill-founded. Still, one has the usual elements: tuneful, rather loud music by Mr. H. Haines;

rather infected by slowness, pushed in the case of the missionary to irritation point. Nevertheless, there was much admirable acting, such as in the Drinkwater of Mr. Gwenn, the Sir Howard of Mr. Barnes, the Captain of Mr. Fred Kerr, and the Mazzo of Mr. Sherbrooke.

"Measure for Measure" can hardly be said to have caused enthusiasm, though some have praised the Isabella of Miss Brayton without stint. The general opinion of the critics (which I share) seems to be that the experiment has not justified its audacity. A painful, by no means elevating, play, whose humours are indelicate and mechanical, has been Bowdlerised so far as language is concerned, and the product plays better than many expected; yet, after the second of the three acts, the work seems—as indeed it is—quite irritatingly artificial in the contrivances to delay a conclusion in several respects grotesquely unsatisfactory. If one puts aside the fine elocutionary passages, the drama is quite unworthy of its author, and respect for him is shown indiscreetly by presenting him subject to faults which

Captain Neil McNeil Frazer (Mr. Thalberg Corbett). Marjorie Brabazon (Miss Beatrice Terry).

Lady Harrowfield (Miss Wallis).



Lord Harrowfield (Mr. James Fernandez)

Mr. Nash (Mr. G. F. Tully).

Mr. Frazer (Mr. James Welch).

The Hon. Trevor Tattenhall (Mr. Sam Sothern).

Dugald (Mr. Leopold Proffitt).

Lady Judith O'Hara (Miss Margaret Busse).

"A JUDGE'S MEMORY," AT TERRY'S: MR. FRAZER'S VALET, DUGALD, INDULGES IN SONG AND DANCE.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

scores of lovely dresses—some designed by the admirable Mr. Wilhelm—and pretty girls in and sometimes half out of them; a great deal of rushing about and energetic, jerky dancing, and one dance very gracefully performed by Miss Topsy Sinden; plenty of songs easily caught by the audience; handsome scenery—some people said a record was achieved, a statement hardly capable of proof. In addition, one counts the ever-delightful Miss Terriss, and the excellent singing of Miss Deane, and some quaintness by Mr. Murray King, and clever acting (so far as there was scope) by Miss Filippi and Miss Fairbrother, whose talents are sadly wasted in such shows; and Mr. Stanley Brett and the strenuous Mr. Hicks. What more do lovers of musical comedy demand?

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" might well be used as a means of breaking-in people to an appreciation of Mr. Shaw, for of all the works of G. B. S., it has the smallest proportion of wilful "startlers" and the greatest amount of form and story. There is a moment towards the end of the second act where the play almost condescends to be thrilling. Moreover, its heroine relieves the author of the reproach of being unable to draw a charming, womanly woman. Perhaps the ladies rarely are such fine casuists as Lady Cecily—so much the better for us; but her methods of advocacy are irresistible and delightful. She could settle the Algeciras Conference in half an hour, and cause everyone to embrace enthusiastically. The part fitted Miss Ellen Terry perfectly, and no doubt by now she is as thoroughly at home in her words as Lady Cecily was in all circumstances of life. On the first performance we had enough passages played deliciously to be quite contented, and also utterly discontented because in others she did less than justice to herself. The company, as a whole, seemed

the best modern writers avoid—faults which he himself has shown, elsewhere, could be mastered even in his time. Let it be admitted that the first two acts are moving and interesting if painful, that the performance is excellent though not brilliant, and that the *mise-en-scène* offers some pretty pictures. Miss Brayton, whilst apt to rant, was an admirable Isabella, the Duke of Mr. Hampden was impressive but rather stiff, the Escalus of Mr. Brydone quite excellent, the Angelo of Mr. Asche effective, the Lucio of Mr. Penny ingenious, and the Clowns of Messrs. Kitts and Charles Rock were as amusing as seems possible.

The revival of "The Candidate" is chiefly interesting as showing Sir Charles Wyndham in one of his famous farcical parts; and the younger generation should not miss the chance of seeing him. The play is a fair specimen of a now moribund class, and the performance was chiefly notable on account of the attempt to play farce as comedy.

The revival of "The Heir-at-Law" at the Waldorf is mainly notable for the Dr. Pangloss of Mr. Cyril Maude. His insinuating voice, his modest cough, and genial smile have seldom been brought into play with more delightful effect, and for his sake alone the play was well worth seeing. There are, moreover, some excellent acting parts other than that of Dr. Pangloss: the Irish servant, Kenrick, for instance, finely played by Mr. E. C. Mathews; the country farmer, Zekiel Homespun, presented by Mr. Harry Nicholls with genuine power; and the richly humorous Daniel and Deborah Dowlass of Mr. E. W. Garden and Miss Mary Rorke. Miss Janet Alexander, too, makes the continual distress of Caroline quite endurable; and Miss Madge Crichton tempers the vivacity of musical comedy with a very real power of touching the emotion.

IRISH STEW?



FIRST GOLFER: I was awfully sorry to hear of old Flanagan's disappearance in the Eatemup Isles.
SECOND GOLFER: Yes, poor chap! He was a broth of a boy, too.
FIRST GOLFER: Was he really? I hadn't heard the details.

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.

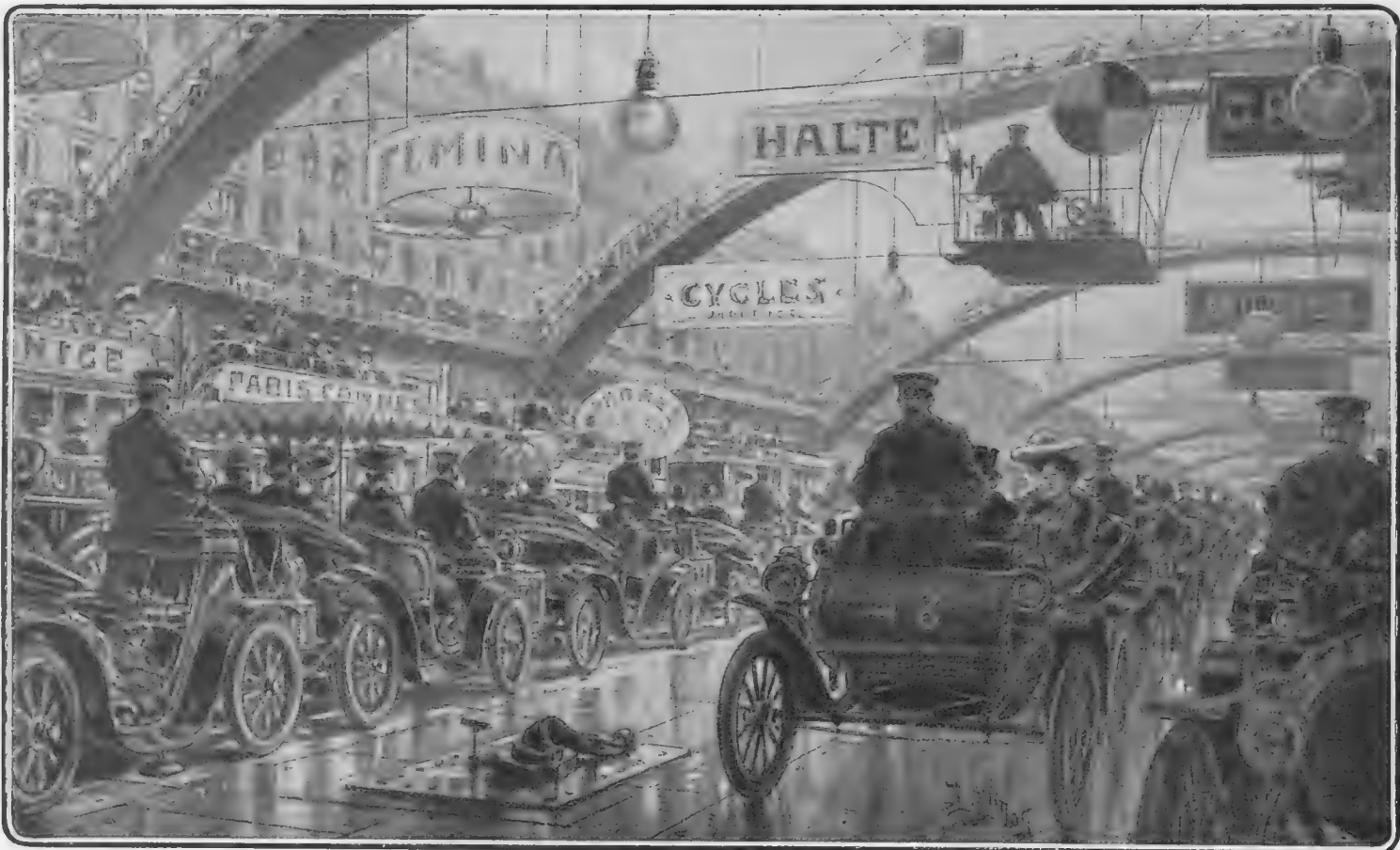
THE MOTOR AGE: IN 1946.

A PROPHECY FROM PARIS—PEACE.



THE FRENCH FARMER OF THE FUTURE DRIVING HIS MOTOR-WAGON TO MARKET.

From Paris come drawings illustrating an article by the Marquis de Dion, who is evidently bent on emulating Mother Shipton, the first to prophesy the advent of the motor-car. The Marquis imagines the capital of France, and the French countryside as they will be in 1946, in peace and in war. In peace, we have the farmer driving his cattle to the market in a motor-wagon and acting as his own chauffeur, the country roads along which he is journeying being lit by electricity and railed for the protection of the wayfarers.



A MAIN STREET IN PARIS IN 1946, SHOWING THE ROAD DEVOTED TO MOTOR TRAFFIC AND THE BRIDGES FOR FOOT-PASSENGERS.

In the city of Paris we have an even more strenuous scene—one of the main streets (typical of others) given up entirely to motor traffic, and the foot-passenger relegated to the pathway and to a series of bridges which cross the street.

DRAWN BY H. LANOS.

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WILFUL MISUNDERSTANDING.



THE UNEMPLOYED AND UNWASHED: Give us a copper, Sir. I'm trampin' ome ter let me old mother see me face,
an' I've only got a tanner.

THE PEDESTRIAN AND CYNIC: Well, isn't that enough? You can get a very nice cake of soap for sixpence.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A SECOND instalment of letters by Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of R. L. Stevenson, has been published by Messrs. Methuen.

The title is "Letters from Samoa, 1891-1895," and the work of editing and arranging has been done by Marie Clothilde Balfour. It is needless to say that there is no special literary merit in Mrs. Stevenson's epistles, and that they were never written with a thought of publication. They reveal her as a shrewd, sensible, affectionate, and religious Scotswoman, deeply devoted to her only child. Their interest is wholly in the light they throw upon Stevenson's last years, and it is a pleasant and peaceful light. Manifestly Stevenson was very happy in his family, and in spite of illness and hard work he relished his life. The story of his death is told with unaffected simplicity by his mother. She writes some time after about the haunting remark made by his doctor. "We were watching round dear Lou, Fanny and I were rubbing his arms with brandy, and his shirt-sleeves were pushed up, and showed their thinness. Someone made a remark about his writing, and Dr. A—— said, 'How can anybody write books with arms like these?' I turned round indignantly and burst out with, 'He has written *all* his books with arms like these!'" But the observation impressed Mrs. Stevenson anew with the greatness of her son's struggle against his bad health. Though a confirmed invalid, he had written a volume a year for twenty years, and had lived and loved his life in spite of everything. When someone was comforting him by saying that the Balfours always got stronger as they got older, he replied, "Yes, but just as I begin to outgrow the Balfour delicacy, the Nemesis of the short-lived Stevensons will come in and finish me off!"

The last mail that came in during Stevenson's life had a poem to Tusitala by Mr. Gosse, which Stevenson read to his family with delight. He had also a pleasant letter from J. M. Barrie, who could not leave his mother then, as she was so frail, but "still hoped to come to Samoa." Stevenson never saw the Edinburgh Edition of his works. His friend Charles Baxter arrived some weeks after his death, and brought with him some sets of the first two volumes of the Edinburgh Edition. Mrs. Stevenson writes: "My set has 'To my Mother' on a separate page at the beginning of each volume, and Fanny, Belle, and Lloyd have all suitable inscriptions inserted in the same way. They are handsome books, beautifully turned out in every respect; and my dear Lou's copy is lovely, printed on Japanese paper, and bound in crimson morocco. It is heart-breaking to think that if he had lived just two little months longer he would have seen it; and he would have been so much pleased. I can see him fingering it as he used to finger 'An Inland Voyage' when it was first published. And how happy he would have been in Charles's presence here!" The last words of the book are: "This is the last time I shall write to you

from Samoa. The last time . . . I will say no more. I cannot realise yet how much I must leave behind me on Vaea, nor how much has come to an end for me here . . . on earth." I suppose the only unpublished manuscripts of Stevenson's are a few of his hapless "Letters from the Pacific," certainly the least fortunate things that ever left his hands. There is a little sidelight on their manufacture in Mrs. Stevenson's letters. When her son had completed the series, she wrote that the work on them had left him little better than a slave, as he never enjoyed it in the least. "After this," she said, "I hope he will never bind himself down to a contract of this kind."



ANOTHER INSULT TO IRELAND.

"Faith, I'll not get the thing on me head till Oi've worn it a week or two."

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.

The popular Bishop of London is apparently somewhat conscience-stricken at his small expenditure on books—a little over thirty pounds. In addressing the Booksellers' Provident Institution he thanked the great publishers of London for the most kind way in which they sent him early issues of books, and he assured them that all he wanted was more time to read them. This would explain the very small item in his balance-sheet spent upon books. The President, Mr. C. J. Longman, assured the Bishop that he was a power in the trade. The mere fact that he mentioned in some sermon or address a certain book was sufficient to create wild excitement about that book, and consequently it ran through a great number of editions.

On the subject of book-bills, Mr. Lang has some characteristic remarks in his new biography of Sir Walter Scott. Scott remarked that all down the Tweed were the houses of lords of whom none spent £10 yearly on literature. "Of course they did not, and never will," says Mr. Lang. "One extravagance our countrymen and countrywomen avoid as they would the devil, and that is buying a book. They are like the Highland crofter who was implored to give at least five shillings to the 'Sustentation Fund'

and for the salvation of his immortal part. 'Me give five shillings to save my soul? I haena' five shillings to buy mysel' tobacco.'"

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains a good article on Anatole France by Mr. Bradford Torrey. Like most recent critics, Mr. Torrey places M. France very high, and is of opinion that he has come out into a larger place, and done his best work last. Of all books M. Anatole France most believes in personal memoirs. In his opinion writers are seldom so likely to be well inspired as when they speak of themselves. Of St. Augustine and his "Confessions" he has not a very exalted opinion. He thinks that the saint hardly confesses enough. But Rousseau made no half-hearted confession. "He acknowledged his own faults and those of other people with marvellous facility. It cost him nothing to tell the truth. However vile and ignoble it might be, he knew that he could render it touching and beautiful. He had secrets for that, the secrets of genius, which, like fire, purifies everything."—O. O.

WILL A PROFESSOR PLEASE REPLY ?



"JIU-JITSU JIM" WRITES—"PLEASE TELL ME THE COUNTER TO THIS POSITION."

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LAST STROKE OF GENIUS.

BY RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.



"VANITY of vanities, all is vanity." How true it is of my life! Last night I stood upon the threshold of expectancy and knocked at the gates of Triumph. They opened wide to me, and to-night that triumph is less than nothing—wine without sparkle, life without joy, death without the prospect of resurrection.

Last night! to-night! to-morrow! For me those words encompass the whole of time and of eternity. Well did the ancients write, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." They made me mad—mad for love, mad with love, mad with success, the shouting of loud voices and the clapping of strong hands.

To-night those same gods destroy me with a sheet of scented paper and half-a-dozen words written by the loveliest hand in all the world. To think that in the blue of her eyes I found my heaven, as within the white of her arms I expected to find my paradise. And now, like Satan, I have been dashed from heaven into hell. Yes, to-night I am in hell, writhing, tortured, plunged into the fire of my thoughts.

For how long? It seems as if all my life were bounded by the anguish which has blotted out recollection of the heaven in which for a time my soul steeped itself in love. I can almost persuade myself that this anguish will enthrall me to all eternity; yet I know that the suffering I endure, the pain of which I am conscious, are bounded but by a narrow circle of time.

An hour, perhaps, and then surcease of suffering. Time ends; eternity begins. Not the eternity conceived by human thought, but the limitless expanse of time which God alone can circumscribe.

Last night; to-night. As the poles asunder, yet separated only by four-and-twenty swift, revolving hours. Last night I was as one who walked among the gods. She had promised to be my wife, and my play had triumphed. How the people applauded! Yet what was the public acclaim weighed in the balance against her whispered word when I asked the question on which my life depended?

I hardly realised then that on that word my life depended. I realise it now. She spoke the word, and crowned me of all men king of my dominion, emperor of my world, for she enshrined me within the greatness of her heart.

One little word and, like a king uncrowned, I am banished from my empire, to seek with burning eyes and eager heart the pathway to eternity. To think that uncrowning, banishment, and death should lie within the hollow of that little hand—the sweetest hand in all the world!

Last night—and how the people cheered! What did it matter to them that the end was sad? It held them in a vice from the time the curtain rose until it fell. That and that alone is the supreme test. Why should every play and every story end with happiness and wedding-bells? Life does not always end with joy-bells, any more than it begins with them. Often it ends with pain and anguish, as with pain and anguish it begins. Let some of us, then, write of life as we have known it, and trust that we may find some strong enough to give our writing to the world, for the world believes in what is strong.

The people who sat hushed in the theatre last night felt that strength. They recognised the truth of the impulses which swayed the mimic men and women, and so were swayed by them. They saw uncovered before their eyes the most sacred sight that men can see, the working of the human brain and heart—the very soul of our existence. And because they saw all that, they sat entranced, yielding the meed of silence to the greatest, the finest, the most absorbing topic in the world.

To-day the papers say the play was morbid. Morbid! That is the name the modern critic gives to the tragedy of a human soul, while he dignifies the destruction of a human body as tragedy because it is written of by an author who is called classic. So be it. What do words matter? Let them say the play was morbid. What do

I care for that? Why should it not be "morbid"? It was the tragedy of a human soul written with pen dipped not in ink but in the blood of my heart. Not puppets, but men and women were the people of my play, for she was its heroine and I was its hero. What she said to me I wrote down word for word, hot as it came from her mouth of fire. What I said to her I wrote down word for word, hot as it came from my mouth of flame. Our passion, in all its vital heat bursting through the trammels of the soul to sear the flesh, I in-breathed into the man and woman of my play, and so fashioned them into our likeness. It was an ecstasy of creation as I set it all down, plain for the world to see. I thought that when she saw herself in all the splendour in which my eyes had mirrored her it would have been her glory. Instead, it has proved my destruction. It has destroyed my life, but it has made my work—my work, which is to me not as the son of my body, but the child of my soul.

How the people cheered as they saw two souls laid bare—a man and woman, loving and beloved, aspiring to the summit of their love; and then came death, sudden, unexpected, relentless, in the very heyday of their life.

How very trite it seems, how very commonplace to set it down within the compass of a line! The woman casts the man off, and he goes forth from her presence to kill himself; from gazing on the ecstasy of life to gazing in a greater ecstasy on death.

How trite it all seems as I set it down, how commonplace, how old—and yet how new. Not the thing one does but the way one does it gives to life its kaleidoscopic charm, its infinite variety; makes you, you, and me, me; and you and me, each different from all the unnumbered million "yous" and "mes" that live the bitter, sweet, submissive and rebellious, yet always enthralling thing that men call life.

I take up the papers one by one and read again what the critics wrote. It is the last vanity of all my vanities. What was it the *Times* said? Yes, here it is. "The end of the play was the last stroke of genius." Genius! What is genius? A great man once defined it as an infinite capacity for taking pains.

The end of the play, which wrung the tribute from the *Times*, is but a tribute to the strength that did not fear to tell the truth, for what I told was true. Whatever genius may exist in a work of art is truth. The more completely that truth is seen and set down the greater is the genius, for genius in art is truth. What the hero of my play did is only what I am going to do.

The last stroke of genius! I recall as if it were this instant the day that she and I talked of this thing, the thing that would be if ever she should—no, not love another, but leave off loving me. What possible difference could it make to me if she loved another compared with her ceasing to love me? It was, it is, only her feeling for me which I can care about, with which I can concern myself. She might love a score, a hundred, a thousand—a million if she liked. What could the number matter if she left off loving me?

The striking of the clock recalls me to myself, and turns my thought from that in which it was flowing into another channel. The scent of the paper floats up into my nostrils, and my eyes read the words which blast my soul. "I will not marry you. Yours is the meanest soul on earth." Only those few words. I read them and read them again until in all the glorious universe there are no others. From pole to pole, from earth to sky, there are no other words. The seraphim in heaven cry them aloud to the cherubim; the cherubim echo them back to the seraphim. The devils howl them to those in hell; those in hell wail them back to the devils.

They lie before me, those words; they fill my eyes, they fill my heart, they fill my soul. I place my hand upon the paper. In my imagination it can almost feel the touch of her hand upon it—almost clasp it. Yet in life I shall never touch her hand again, never look upon her face.

It came to-night, her letter. Was it an hour ago? Two hours? Three? I cannot tell. Time and I have parted company to-night.

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



II.—LURING SEA-FOWL.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

When it came I went to her. "Why have you done this thing?" I asked. The passion of my soul froze beneath the chill of her disdain.

"Dare you ask?" She looked at me. If eyes could kill I should have dropped dead at her feet beneath the lightning of her glance.

"Dare you ask?" If words could kill, they would have stabbed my heart like poisoned steel.

"Dare you ask?" The contempt in her voice seared my brain. "I will tell you. Because you are the meanest thing on earth—so mean that there should be no place on earth for you! You said you loved me, and I believed you. Yes, I believed you, and I loved you. What do you know of love? What should you know of such a love as mine, that shields, embraces, and sanctifies the thing it loves—you, who dare stand in the presence of the woman you have defiled?"

She saw the question in my eyes before I could give it words, and she answered it. "Yes, defiled; you brought your love and laid it at my feet, and in return I fashioned my soul into a crown, that I might set it on your brow and make you the king of all my life—and what have you done? You have betrayed me in the sight of all the world. The words I spoke, that should have been the treasure of your heart, you have coined into gold. The passion of my heart, that I could hardly bring myself to whisper, you have set down that all the world may hear. And now you dare ask me why I have done what I have done, when you have defiled the very thought of love. I was the woman you loved—no, I was the woman with whom you played; I was the woman you tricked that you might hear the music of my heart and set down the notes on paper. You said I was the woman that you worshipped. I was the puppet on whom you tried the words your actors were to speak. You saw into the deep recesses of my soul and with your cunning brought out of their hiding-place the words which no other human ear should hear, and scarcely God himself should overhear. Do you know what you have done? You have destroyed my faith in man and love, and in doing that you have destroyed me. Now go, and never let me look upon your face again. Go—and if there is one spark of manhood left within that thing you call a soul you will not live until to-morrow, lest with to-morrow's sun you should betray another woman into yielding you her love, that you may set its secret down for all the world to hear, that you may coin it also into gold."

Every word burnt itself into my brain, and to all eternity I shall remember every syllable she uttered. She spoke and left me, and I stood incapable of movement. As a tree stands, blasted by lightning when the storm has passed over it, I stood; and still the splendour of her presence overwhelmed me.

How long I stood there I cannot tell. I only know that it seemed as though a hand of ice froze all power of thought out of my brain, stopped the beating of my heart, took from me the power of movement. I stood quite still, and then I felt the hand withdrawn, and I became conscious that my heart could beat, my brain could think. I left the house; I came back here.

I have set down every word she uttered as she uttered it. I have softened no single phrase, I have mitigated the severity of no single thought. Only the passion in her voice, which mirrored the passion

in her soul, I have not set down, for words are as ineffectual to create it for other ears as words are ineffectual to create the face within the mirror for other eyes when once that face has been withdrawn.

She said I was the meanest soul on earth to do the thing I did, yet if it were to do again, I'd do it once again; not for the sake of gold, as she thought, but for the sake of something which no money in the world can buy—something before which gold is dross, without which wealth is penury.

I thought she would have undersood. She did not. It is very possible, then, that all the world will fail to understand, when they come to know what I have done, the thing that I am going to do.

"If there is one spark of manhood left within the thing you call a soul, you will not live until to-morrow."

That is what she wanted. That she shall have. I sanctified my life to her when first I loved her. It is not hard to sacrifice that life, since it is her wish that I should do it. Perhaps, in time, the memory of this night on which I fulfilled what she desired may come back to her, leavened, not with pity begotten of deeper understanding of what, so far, she scarcely comprehends; leavened, not with remorse, for I would have nothing like remorse enter her life; not with the recollection of the love she gave to me, for that love can bring me no joy in my grave, but tintured with just one little thought of all the rapture I made of life because she lived, and, leavening her recollection, it shall increase and multiply until it leavens all her memory. If that be so, I shall achieve the monument I most desire—that I shall dwell in her life, not because she loved me, but because I loved her with such surpassing love that it beautified everything with which I came in contact.

If I fail to win that glory there yet remains the work through which, although she does not know it, I won her—the work by which, as she does know, I lost her; and in losing her I lose myself. That work is mine, my very own, the child of my brain, brought forth with the travail of my soul. For it I gave up days of pleasure and nights of joy. It hurt and tortured, but it is mine, safe beyond everything, for neither hate nor love can take it from me. Hate cannot hurt it or malice do it harm. It is my word that I have spoken to the world, the echo of myself the world will hear when I have gone, as, in obedience to her behest, I go; for

what she was to me that she will always be—the Queen of Life, whose lightest word is unto me a law. I am banished from her presence like a felon, but she cannot take from my memory the rapture of her presence, or deafen my ear to the cadence of every note of her remembered voice. Within the blue of her eyes I still find my heaven, though for all eternity I shall dwell out of the paradise of her white arms.

So I have written. The clock is striking. It is midnight. To all the world it is the prelude to another day. To me it is the prelude to a longer night—a night which nurtures in its heart no rose of dawn, but travels onwards to eternity in barren darkness.

The hour has struck. I pause to fill the goblet full of wine. I add a few drops from the little vial I have taken from the drawer of the table at which I have been writing. I rise to do honour to the toast that I must drink. All other men pledge the woman they love in the Wine of Life. I drink to the woman I worship in the Wine of Death.

THE END.



[DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.]



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT is not always easy to trace to its source an idea which becomes so popular that its ramifications extend in all directions, as has been the case with the proposal to celebrate Miss Ellen Terry's jubilee. It need hardly be said that the warmest interest has been expressed and has been taken in the project to afford the player and the public an opportunity to render homage to the actress who has long been the acknowledged queen of the stage, on so interesting and memorable an occasion.

The exact form the testimonial will take has, it need hardly be said, not yet been definitely settled. Everything will have to depend on the sum of money received by the executive committee in the necessarily short time which they have to gather the subscriptions. One thing, however, may be taken as settled. The presentation will not be in the form of a purse. Whatever may be decided upon, it is practically certain that the ceremonial will take place at a public banquet to be given in Miss Terry's honour. The red-letter day of Miss Terry's life will therefore be marked in the way in which, almost from time immemorial, such events have usually been celebrated, in spite of the cynic's statement that it is only our nation which celebrates by feasting.

By a happy combination of arrangements, Miss Terry will be seen on the evening of her jubilee at His Majesty's as Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives." This involves the abandonment of the performance of "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Miss Winifred Emery, who was for a long time Miss Terry's understudy, was to have played Beatrice, one of the few of Miss Terry's parts which she never acted in the old days at the Lyceum.

Mr. H. B. Irving will make his appearance in "Mauricette," his adaptation of "Jeunesse," at the Lyric on Saturday evening. In addition to Miss Marion Terry and Miss Dorothea Baird, whose names have been already mentioned, the other members of the company will be Mr. Leslie Faber, Mr. Eric Leslie, and Mr. W. T. Lovell; Miss Ethel Warwick, Miss Gladys Morris, Miss Eileen Munroe, and Miss Ada Mellon.

A little while ago rumours were current, and were actually published in the Press, that Mr. H. B. Irving intended acting certain of the plays which formed part of his late father's repertoire. These reports, as *Sketch* readers are aware, were not only premature, but quite inaccurate. Two of the parts in question, however, are likely to be acted by Mr. E. S. Willard, who

has lately been playing in America Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge," which formed part of Edwin Booth's repertoire, and Austin Limmasson in "The Man Who Was," which is in Mr. Tree's list of plays. The two Irving plays which Mr. Willard has under consideration are "The Bells" and "Louis XI.," and he is prepared to offer either or both of them next season if it is advisable. The great success of his present repertoire, however, has been such that he can practically do without new material for some time. Indeed, it would be quite easy for him to confine his work almost entirely to "David Garrick" and "The Man Who Was," with perhaps one or two other favourite parts to break the monotony of the long run, for he enjoys playing a new part every night.

An amusing instance of the difficulty of naming modern musical comedies was furnished at the end of last week, when on the same morning one paper announced that the title of the new piece at the Royalty would be "In Gay Madrid," and another stated it would be "Castles in Spain."

The King's Hall, Covent Garden, is developing into an important annexe of the British drama, where plays suitable or unsuitable for the ordinary theatre are performed. Next Sunday evening it will be the scene of the production of "Aphrodite Against Artemis," by Mr. T. Sturge Moore, by the Literary Theatre Society, the membership of which includes Mr. Lawrence Binyon, Miss Gwendolen Bishop, Miss Florence Farr, and Mr. T. Sturge Moore. In accordance with the legal requirements, no money can be taken at the doors, but the payment of one shilling entitles one to membership and the privilege of purchasing seats at one-and-sixpence, four shillings, six-and-sixpence, and nine shillings, thus incidentally bringing the prices up to the same sum as at the leading West-End theatres. Aphrodite will be played by Miss Gwendolen Bishop, Artemis by Miss Penelope Wheeler, and Phædra by Miss Florence Farr.

The part of Hippolytus has been assigned to Mr. R. E. Goddard, and Theseus to Mr. St. Clair Bayfield, while the smaller parts will be played by Mr. Lellford Delph and Miss Muriel Currey, Miss Viva Birkett, Miss Katherine Stuart, Miss Agnes Jones, Miss Gladys Wynne, Mrs. Bligh, and Miss Elizabeth Holt, the last six being maidens attendant on Phædra. Later on, the Society will give other performances, for it has received permission to produce Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

"The Vision of Hell" (from "Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw), and the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, which has been translated by Dr. Gilbert Murray.



MISS BEATRICE BECKLEY, WHO IS PLAYING THE HON. MILLICENT KEPPEL IN "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

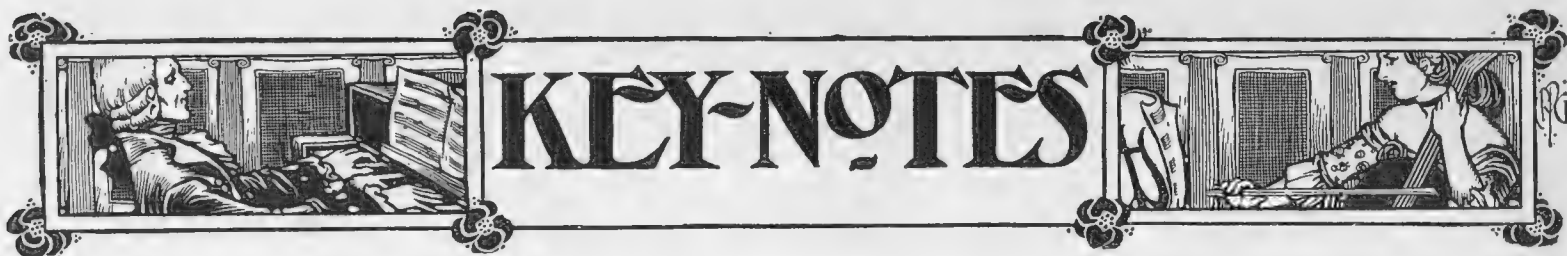
Photograph by Lallie Charles.



REALISM IN THE ARENA: "THE FLOOD," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

"The Flood" is one of the most realistic of the numerous spectacles that have been produced at the London Hippodrome. "Three hundred thousand gallons of water sweep away the bridges, pull down the houses, and float away everything that will float; while terrified horses and oxen dash down the hillside and plunge into the lake; and men and women are swimming for their lives. A very exciting five minutes, and a very clever piece of invention"—so says the *Times*.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



ON the occasion of the last Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall, Mr. Henry Wood conducted Beethoven's famous Fifth Symphony in C minor. Without altogether sympathising with Mr. Wood's version of the Symphony, one cannot deny that it was a very vital and emotional rendering of it. Mr. Henry Wood has this one fault, which is the natural fault of all modern conductors, with the possible exception of Richter—that he attempts to identify the period of Beethoven with the period of to-day. Our forefathers, one is quite sure, would have been somewhat horrified by the excessive vigour which Mr. Wood imparted to the work; yet Beethoven remains silent, and it may be that in the recesses of his own spirit this sort of interpretation would have given him the greatest artistic pleasure. At any rate, the last movement was splendid in its interpretation, and could have given offence neither to the most old-fashioned nor to the most newly fashioned of musicians. Brahms's Concerto in D minor for the Pianoforte and Orchestra was also played on the same occasion. Mr. Richard Buhlig took the solo pianoforte part, and played with singular virility and energy. For the rest of the concert we had the Overture to "Tannhäuser," the "Trauermarsch," and the Prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin"; each was played with distinction and with the enthusiasm which Mr. Wood seems invariably capable of producing from his forces.

All those who have been accustomed to describe Weingartner as the greatest conductor of modern times—a point with which I am in some disagreement—will regret to hear that he has determined to give up conducting and devote himself to musical criticism and musical composition. There can be no doubt but that there are many reasons (naturally hidden from the general public) which have induced him to take this step. There have been rumours concerning the difficulties with various authorities at Berlin with which Weingartner has had to contend. In Berlin itself his popularity is well known; but the middle-men, as one may call them, who occupy a certain authoritative position between the Royal Opera House and the Court of Berlin, have been grumbling in the usual academic way about his preferences for novelty and for modern things. It is said that these amazing people desired Weingartner to play nothing save what in their estimation is classic. What, in the course of time, the word classic may mean nobody can tell; that which is classic to-morrow was modern yesterday. At all events, the hostile party have in a certain sense won their game, and Weingartner will in future reside at Munich and concern himself entirely with his own personal and private work.

It is astonishing to find how rapidly the idea of musical festivals progresses in the North year by year. For some time the Hovingham Musical Festivals have been well known in Yorkshire, inaugurated as they were by Canon Pemberton. When one recollects that a large riding-school was used for the work of these festivals, it will be well imagined that enthusiasm could no further go. Many distinguished musicians, including such a name as that of Joachim, have gone to make a successful festival in this particular village, for village alone it can be called. The resignation

of Canon Pemberton in connection with the festival made it courteous to seek his advice as to the choice of his successor. The mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. Tertius Noble, the well-known organist of York Cathedral, whose work in connection with gathering together the musical forces immediately surrounding the great Minster has already been crowned with enormous success. The present writer is informed that Canon Pemberton will still interest himself considerably in the festival, and when one comes to consider that it is from these men of the North that the backbone of our choral singing is made, it is most interesting to find how broadcast is the seed of music, and how energetic are the men who attempt to bring that seed to harvest. Once again Yorkshire, as at the Leeds Festival and the Sheffield Festival, vindicates her right to be considered as probably the most musical county in England.

At the Bechstein Hall last week Madame Frickenhaus gave a Pianoforte Recital, at which she was assisted by Miss Beatrice Formby as violinist, and Miss Perceval Allen as vocalist. Madame

Frickenhaus is a very excellent pianist, wanting, perhaps, in that kind of virility which lady pianists in these days choose to assume, but not wanting in temperament or in artistic ideas. She played an Impromptu Elegy by Mr. Percival Garratt, and a Mazurka by the same composer with great charm, but not with sufficient keenness. Mr. Garratt's impromptu is clever, and, if it really be an impromptu, shows natural signs of occasional imitation; such

imitation was a little obvious when one remembered Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony. On the other hand, I find that the work has been described as a thoughtful impromptu, which is surely a contradiction in terms. In Mr. J. H. Moore's "Berceuse Bourrée" and "Concert Etude" Madame Frickenhaus played with much distinction, though her style cannot be described as grand. I could quite imagine Madame Frickenhaus as a most excellent exponent of the harpsichord; somehow or other, she does not altogether dominate the pianoforte. Miss Perceval Allen sang Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds" very beautifully indeed; she thoroughly understood the quick meaning of the music, and, above all things, she was quite articulate in her words—a matter which is to be desired in all artists, but which is very seldom obtained. Miss Beatrice Formby played Wieniawski's "Airs Russes."

At the Bechstein Hall the other day Miss Ada Thomas and Herr Hans Neumann gave a "Sonata Recital," in which Miss Thomas took the pianoforte part and Mr. Neumann the violin part. They gave for the first time in England Mr. Percy Sherwood's Sonata in F major, which is as yet unpublished. The work is clever, but it has none of the modern feeling which appeals to modern audiences; neither has it the true ring of an older period which it is obvious Mr. Sherwood desires to accept as his guiding light. Mr. Neumann played fairly well, though, as I thought, more vigorously than the inspiration of the music demanded. Miss Thomas showed much energy, and played with absolute accuracy. Miss Edith Clegg was the vocalist, and sang always in tune, but sometimes with a somewhat unsympathetic tone.

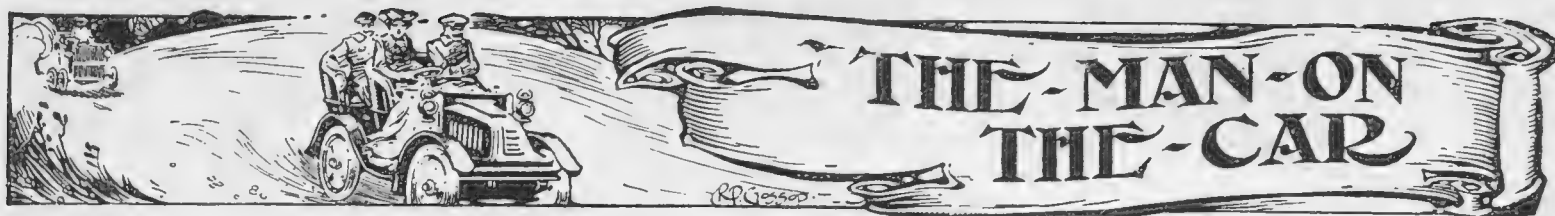
COMMON CHORD.



THE PRINCIPAL MEZZO-SOPRANO OF THE ROYAL OPERA, BUDAPEST: MME. ELZA SZAMOSY.

Mme. Szamosy is a great favourite in Hungary, and has also sung with much success elsewhere. It is hoped that she will be heard in this country at no very distant date.

Photograph by Kossak.



A RESULT OF LAST YEAR'S TOURIST TROPHY RACE—THIS YEAR'S ENTRIES—SPIRIT-ALLOWANCE AND SPEED-REGULATION—
THE EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

WHATEVER may be said to the contrary by sundry interested people, there is no doubt that the Tourist Trophy Race of last year was an event promoted in the right direction, and productive of good results, the freak prophets notwithstanding. When I say freak prophets, I mean the clever gentlemen who prophesied

of its simplicity, and, in view of last year's race, it undeniably worked well and produced the desired effect.

Last year the allowance of spirit was originally fixed at one gallon for every twenty-five miles of the Isle of Man course, but, in deference to some experiments and calculations made by Mr. Beaumont, the allowance was somewhat augmented at the eleventh hour. This alteration was the cause of a good deal of adverse criticism after the event, chiefly on the part of the non-successful, whose failures were in no wise provoked thereby. It is, then, to be hoped that the fuel-allowance, as above given, is now fixed once and for all, and will remain, be the weather and roads what they may.

It may be of interest to quote a few points from the regulations. For instance, the weight of the chassis must not be less than 1275 lb.—or, to put it in terms that will convey a real sense of weight to the average English mind, 11 cwt. 1 qr. 15 lb.; and this weight must include accumulators or other ignition apparatus, tyres on the wheels, the bonnet, tanks (empty), and the dashboard. The load to be carried by the chassis, exclusive of fuel, oil, and water, spare tyres, spare parts, luggage, and provisions, shall not be less than 10 cwt. 5 lb.—the body with mudguards and stays, floorboards, lamps, lamp-brackets, and steps, and the driver and one passenger, with any required amount of ballast not to exceed 300 lb. Thoroughly efficient silencers must be fitted, and no exhaust cut-out will be permitted. There are other conditions and measurements which ensure the body being of proper touring dimensions and equipment.

I presume that the exhibition at the Agricultural Hall must be considered the event of the week, although both the manufacturers and the motoring public must regard a motor show at the end of March as more or less of a nuisance. However, the exhibition affords opportunity for those who were not ready for or were crowded out of Olympia to present their pattern to intending purchasers. Two exhibits which should not be missed are those of the Lanchester Motor Com-



ART AMIDST NATURE: A POLICE TRAP ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

The police trap here illustrated (from a photograph by Colonel W. J. Bosworth, who found the trap while on inspection duty with the Automobile Association Scouts) is situated on the Portsmouth road, near the twenty-third milestone from London. The policeman hides behind the specially constructed hedge seen on the right of the illustration. The simple villager standing in the gateway is intended to give an innocent air to the ambush.

right off the reel the success of a car such as motorists had never seen before, and after the race would never want to see again. How wrong, how woefully astray were these oracles, the actual result of the race and the favour with which the two first cars have since been received by the public show. Both the Arrol-Johnston Company and Messrs. Rolls-Royce have ever since last September, I understand, been very hard put to it to keep abreast of the public demand for the very cars which were to be such outrageous productions. That leading members of both the home and foreign industries do not share the views of the pessimists is evidenced by the entries up to date for this year's competition.

The Arrol-Johnston, Rolls-Royce, and Vinot-et-Deguingaud, the three placed cars in last year's race, are again entered, the Arrol-Johnston and Rolls-Royce interests each being represented by two cars. The Argyll Company have two cars, as have Humbers and the Rover people, while new to this event are the two Ariels and the two Berliets. The performances of the latter will, of course, be watched with the keenest interest, by reason of the extraordinary consumption run made lately at Arles by one of these cars. I gave the distance and figures at the time, but even now they are not entirely credited by a section of the French motoring Press. Seeing that so much doubt was cast upon the run, I cannot for the life of me understand why the Berliet people have not courted the fierce light of publicity, and repeated the performance against every check the Automobile Club of France could devise.

Returning to the Tourist Trophy Race, there is an impression abroad which the Club very rightly desires to remove from the public mind. It is frequently suggested that the sole object of the Tourist Trophy Race is to promote economy in fuel-consumption. Now, this is quite incorrect, although its credence has been fostered by those who are always found in opposition to the Club, whatever it may undertake. The primary object in limiting the consumption of fuel per mile was to limit the horse-power of the motors employed, and so keep the speed of the cars within the reasonable limits assignable to touring vehicles. This scheme of restriction was adopted by reason



A NEW DESIGN FOR MOTOR-CAR BODIES: A 28-36 H.P. DAIMLER CHASSIS, WITH THE NEW MORGAN SIDE-ENTRANCE BODY.

The motor-car here shown was built, so far as its body is concerned, by Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., 10, Old Bond Street, and Long Acre.

pany, who will show one of their latest 20-horse power cars, carrying a most luxurious six-seated landau body (Stands 103 and 104); while the 16 to 20-horse power four-cylinder Beeston Humber, a veritable *tour-de-force* from an engineering point of view, will be found on Stands 107 and 108. I believe also that Beeston is to drop a six-cylinder Humber into the midst of an astonished world; but my readers will know whether that is so or no before these words see the light.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE GRAND NATIONAL: SOME OWNERS—THE CLASHING OF MEETINGS UNDER NATIONAL HUNT RULES—EPSOM.

MANY men—as, for instance, the late Mr. J. Gubbins, whose death is deeply deplored in many circles—could not win the Grand National, while others, like Mr. J. S. Morrison, the owner of Drumcree, strike oil almost at the first time of asking. Mr. Morrison is a South African magnate. He is sole owner of Drumcree, and is a partner of Sir C. Nugent's in John M.P. It will be remembered by many that two years ago, when Drumcree was successful, Mr. Morrison was so excited that he could not look at the race, but remained in the paddock. I believe he gave the stakes to his trainer, and a thumping big cheque to Percy Woodland, who rode the winner. The Cranborne best is all the rage this year, and must be hard to beat. Roman Law is owned by a Lancashire gentleman who is very fond of the South of France. I believe he is confident of success. The owner of Comfit is a well-known Liverpool shipping man, and as the jockey, Mason, was born in the neighbourhood, this horse is the strong local tip. Mr. Bibby, it will be remembered, won the race with Kirkland last year, and up to now no owner has won the race two years in succession. Phil May belongs to "Mr. Cotton," the *nom-de-course* of the cotton king of America, and it should be noted that the stable is also responsible for Dathi, which belongs to a well-known wealthy American, Mr. T. Clyde. The owner of Wolf's Folly is Mr. Gorham, a well-known commission-agent, who won the Grand National with Shannon Lass, and gave some of the spoils for the renovation of Rottingdean Church. Mr. H. R. Taylor, who owns Liberty, is, I believe, a Liverpool shipping man; while the owner of Timothy Titus is a West of England gentleman and a good sportsman. Mr. C. Bewicke, the owner of Kiora, is on the Stock Exchange. But a truce to gossip; let us get on to the horses. I shall continue to advise the winning chance of Timothy Titus, and I like Phil May and John M.P. for places.

I have been urged by one or two regular racegoers to agitate for the prevention of the clashing of meetings under National Hunt Rules. Bookmakers and professional backers say it is not fair to them, while clerks of courses are beginning to feel the draught. Many old racegoers contend that racing should only take place on four days in each week during the winter months, while under no consideration should two meetings be held on the one day, Bank Holidays alone excepted. Over and over again we have seen meetings north and south spoiled owing to their being allowed to clash, which is hard lines on those people who pay a sovereign per day entrance fee to Tattersall's Ring. Only the other day we saw the case of a horse entered in a handicap at one meeting and in an overnight selling-race at another. The public naturally thought that the horse would have run in the selling-race in the Midlands. As a matter of

fact, he was started in the handicap run in the South of England, to the confusion of some backers. This sort of thing could not happen if there were no clashing. We have had race-meetings on almost every working day throughout the winter, with the result that the same old selling steeplechasers have been winning and losing two or three times per week. If this sort of thing is to go on, all selling-

racers ought to be closed a few days beforehand, to give the public some idea what the strength of the fields is likely to be. Anyway, steeplechasing is sadly overdone, with the result that nobody gets any money out of it. Even sport, to be a great success, must be run on purely commercial lines, which means that the convenience of the paying public must be consulted.



CATERERS TO CAMBRIDGE: THE BUFF ORPINGTONS WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPLYING THE CAMBRIDGE CREW WITH EGGS.

The fact that eggs figure prominently in the diet of the Cambridge crew has aroused much interest and great controversy. The Cambridge men are keen pro-eggists, and hope to prove the value of their belief on the 7th of next month. They consume an average of forty eggs at breakfast, and altogether dispose of about sixty eggs a day. — [Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

and as a Chester Cup winner, is entitled to respect, but the horse is again entered for the Roodeye race, and may be saved for that event. Princess Florizel has been backed down to 10 to 1 by somebody. She has only 7 st. 3 lb. to carry, and looks dangerous. Others on the 10 to 1 mark are Sandboy and Airship. I think that the race will go to the best of the Netheravon lot—Lapsang, Tapworth, or Lord Rossmore; and if I were called upon to make a choice right off, I should select the last-named. The race for the City and Suburban should be well worth witnessing this year, as there are some top-class handicap horses engaged. Donnetta, who

has been backed in France at 16 to 1, won a trial from Rievaulx last week. She is very smart, and this course should suit her quick action. St. Amant will, as a matter of course, have a good following. He is said to be going on nicely in his work, and should be fit by the day. Ambition, who is trained on the spot by W. Nightingall, has won on the course, and is very likely to do so again. He beat some useful horses in the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton last year. I am told that Polymelus is a good thing for the City, yet on the book the horse is held perfectly harmless by St. Amant, who gave Polymelus 24 lb. and a three-quarter length beating for the Jockey Club Stakes (1½ miles), and is now called upon to give 16 lb. only. True, the distance (1¼ miles), may be more suitable to Polymelus, who is a very fast horse. I

fancy one of the two will win, but at present I am not prepared to try and choose from the two. Desmond's Gift is in the race at 8 st. 8 lb. This is a dark four-year-old out of the Velocity stable, which may be the best or the worst horse in England. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



TWO "OLD BLUIS": MR. GOLD, THE OXFORD COACH, AND HIS MARE FLO.

Mr. Gold has been coaching the Oxford eight from the back of his famous mare Flo, who has followed the crew for the past fifteen years. — [Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SINCE motors have become familiar to this noisy generation a change has indeed come over the spirit of our dreams: the country has come into fashion, town has declined in favour, and the ideal existence has been generally voted a flat in London and a cottage in Arcadia, with a first-rate high-powered car as the connecting link. Will it be believed that there are already whispers of the existence of "motor-face" and "motor-nerves," while it is within our personal experience that quite half-a-dozen owners of cars have given them up for two apparently solid and practical reasons: the men because want of exercise engendered by motoring has been found distinctly injurious to health, and the women because their first fervours have been cooled off by the havoc rendered to hair, complexion, and nerves by the perpetual rush involved in the ownership of an automobile. The country-cottage boom is, in fact, declining, and folk are coming back to the dear village which the house-agents recently prognosticated was on the high road to deserted villagedom. It is a nutshell study of mankind to note how crazes come and go, and how of all the enthusiasts that rush to hug a new idea only the few utilitarians remain faithful. Cycles, once the only joy of the *monde qui s'amuse*, have become the recognised conveyance of the masses. Motors, gradually descending from the empyrean of folk with five thousand a year, will cease to amuse when within the possibilities of the lower middle-class; and by then, unless a practical flying-machine should arise in our midst, Society will probably turn an early Victorian leaf, and stay at home for a generation.

Town has been the reverse of lively for the past few weeks, nipping east winds, nipped Court gaieties exchanged for Court

details from home keeping many in the Sunny South, where new spring fashions are being daily exploited, now that the *demi-saison* is on the wane.

One of our Illustrations shows a frock of dull-blue cloth set forth with accordion-pleated silk and embroidery, which has been sunning itself on the Terrasse this week, amidst the usual flock of white cloth



[Copyright.]

A NEW DESIGN IN DARK-BLUE CLOTH.

mourning, panic and confusion on the Stock Exchange; coolie questions and Mr. Winston Churchill in the House, together rendering the British spring more than ever a deplorable fact, and London generally a place to get away from and forget. Only in Monte Carlo, apparently, has the world been wagging with unwonted gaiety; dismal



[Copyright.]

A RECEPTION-GOWN IN NEUTRAL-TINTED GREEN SILK.

gowns which daily figure on that spot of mixed emotions. Talking of that very human common noun, the chief excitement of the present instant is the case of a young American staying at the Hermitage, who won eighteen thousand pounds in four nights. He dropped it again on the green tables, but is reported to be winning it back. Meanwhile, he is a centre of attraction quite as much as the *haute cuisine* of the famous hostelry, where, by the way, Prince and Princess Battyanni are staying, the latter dazzling everyone with her famous diamonds each evening. The Sidney Rothschilds, Count Talleyrand de Perigord, and Prince and Princess Saxe-Meiningen made an interesting quintet at dinner one evening. What a magnet for all quarters of the globe are the rooms of the Eden and Hades which make up Monte Carlo! To return to dress, pale neutral-tinted greens not too light in tone make very becoming wearables for early spring. Another of our Illustrations shows how prettily a house-dress of silk can be exploited in the colour, with embroideries of silk and a chemisette of cambric and *écru* Valenciennes for indoor afternoons or bridge assemblies.

Princess Ena's trousseau provides the usual sartorial interest that, amongst others, attaches in the mind of the multitude to Royal marriages. Much millinery and lingerie, and many tailor gowns are already entrusted to English firms that have worked for Princess Henry and her daughter for years. White gowns, fine and filmy as the cobweb of tradition, are a principal feature of the trousseau—in preparation for the brilliant but sultry Spanish summer. Spain provides the wedding-gown, according to all precedent, Paris many of the evening and afternoon gowns, while Ireland, of cunning handicraft in lace and fine linen, is not forgotten. As the only

daughter of her mother, Princess Ena will be endowed with the particularly magnificent collection of lace given by Queen Victoria to Princess Henry of Battenberg, and, as each Queen of Spain is believed to have added to and enlarged the royal *corbeille de dentelles*, Queen Victoria Eugénie will own the greatest and most costly store of rare lace in the world.

It has been suggested, in all the solemnity with which women with a mission usually take themselves, that "editors of daily and weekly journals would *forbid* (*sic*) writers of fashion articles to insert illustrations of headgear decorated with feathers other than those of the ostrich, or by written description of prevailing modes in plumes, to encourage the thoughtless to invest in the same." Now, while sympathising with the bereft birds whose tails and topknots women covet and pay for, it is to be hoped that editors will not too eagerly embrace this suggested rôle of sartorial Solons. A new terror would be added to the journalist's delectable existence were hovering editors ever ready to pounce on feathers foreign to their tastes. The bann might in time extend itself even to sable-tails and pearls, which just as certainly mean murder to oysters and animals. Where also would be our cherished freedom from interference if blue-pencils were invoked so readily? In a word, if herons and ospreys are to go free, why not the journalist also? Or if feminine wing-feathers are to be clipped, why let those of jays and jackdaws remain intact?

SYBIL.

Miss Margaret Halstan, who has been absent overlong from the West End, has been engaged by Mr. Tree to play the part of Acte in place of Miss Dorothea Baird. Her engagement began yesterday evening, and Miss Halstan thus returns to the stage with which she is familiar.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier announces that for one week, from April 2, "Monsieur de Paris," the one-act tragedy by Alicia Ramsay and Rudolph de Cordova, will follow "Brother Officers." Miss Violet Vanbrugh will play Jacinta, her original part. Matinées will be given on the Wednesday and the Saturday.



Ancient Egypt's
Emblem of
Long Life: The
"Ankh" in
Jewellery Form
at Messrs.
Benson's, 25, Old
Bond Street.

The admirable photograph of the Marchioness of Townshend published in *The Sketch* of March 7 was by Lafayette, London.

The superstitious and the lover of the curious alike will be interested in the reproductions of the "Ankh," the ancient Egyptian emblem of long life, given on this page. The "Ankh" has figured prominently in the accounts of the recent finds by the Egyptian Exploration Fund, as one of the hieroglyphics

on the statues, etc., that have been discovered. In view of this it may be noted that it can be obtained in jewellery form in this country—from Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

"Parisiana," the curious medley of a ballet at the Alhambra, has reached the honour of a second edition, though this may have been called for by the departure from London of Madame Jane May. In place of the somewhat ridiculous scene in the garret in which Madame May played the part of a modern *Oliver Twist*, we see a much brighter development of an earlier tableau, coupled with a new scene that represents the Café de la Paix, on the Paris boulevards. It is perhaps hardly fair to judge a scene like this when it is given for the first time, and doubtless, when it has been pruned and shorn of one or two unpleasant incidents, it will be amusing, because the Alhambra enjoys the services of one or two men who are really capable mimés. Although one cannot speak in terms of enthusiasm



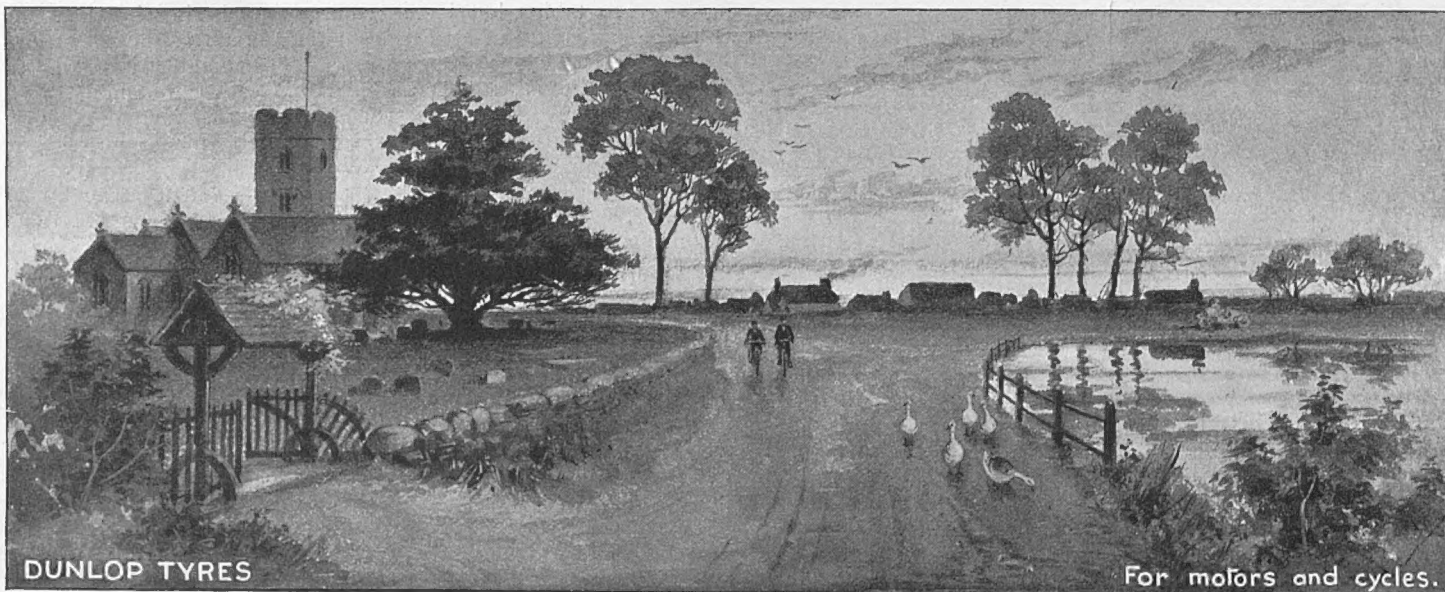
MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE, WHO HAS ANNOUNCED THAT SHE WILL RETIRE IN EIGHT YEARS' TIME.

Miss Nethersole has been having some trouble with "Sappho" in America, as we noted recently. She has announced that she will retire in eight years' time and devote herself to the study of medicine.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

of "Parisiana," there is no doubt that as a spectacle it is bright, lively, and full of a resistless and infectious gaiety that helps to pass a light, untroubled hour. But it does not show us the Alhambra at its best. By the way, visitors should stay on after the ballet to see the "Urban Pictures." Nothing more interesting has been seen at a variety theatre for a long time.

Those who can say, with the parodist, "civis Romano's sum," are more than likely to increase in numbers, and that quickly. "The Roman's" has now blossomed forth with a Russian Restaurant and a Venetian Gallery that between them will certainly add to the list of those who patronise 399, Strand. The Russian Restaurant occupies the position the kitchen used to hold. It is such a room as is to be found in the log buildings of the countries of Northern Europe. Its walls are of wood, and the bizarre character of the decoration—bands of colour and archaic ornament in subdued primary tones on a white or pale neutral ground—is such as is found in Northern Russia. "Zakouski" and "Delicatessen," as well as simple food of all descriptions, and beer of all countries, can be obtained in it. The Venetian Gallery, where a table d'hôte dinner at two prices is served, looks down on to the restaurant, and has been decorated in the style of rooms to be found in some of the later Venetian Palazzi.



CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 9.

TO the dangers of Algeciras and Russian default a new risk has been added in the shape of the health of the venerable Emperor of Austria. Even in the best of times the very idea of the death of the ruler of the Dual Monarchy would have conjured up all sorts of unpleasant bogies, and we can only hope that nothing untoward may happen to perhaps the most valuable life in Europe at this moment. The dogs of war may be controlled if the Conference fails, but if, in the present state of Hungarian politics, the Emperor Francis Joseph were to die or even be seriously ill, it is very difficult to see how a conflagration in Central Europe could be averted.

Many of our readers and correspondents bought Premier Diamond Deferred shares at all sorts of prices, from 14 down to 9, and we take the opportunity of pointing out to them that the price as we write is over 13, so that if they feel nervous they had better get out, as they can do in most cases at a profit. During the depression of the last two months we have been in receipt of many letters, some piteous, some abusive, because the price had dropped, and we wish, therefore, to disclaim further responsibility. This sort of share was not intended for or recommended to "squeakers." We bought at 14½, and then more at 10; we hold them now, and intend to hold them for far higher prices; but we offer no advice to others to do likewise, and the present is a favourable opportunity for those of little faith to get their money back, and for the future spend their spare cash in Consols.

TWO TRUST COMPANIES, AND OTHER THINGS.

Two more of the Trust Companies to which I drew your readers' attention last autumn have issued their reports for 1905 this week, and in both cases an increase of dividend has again to be recorded. The *American Investment Trust*, after paying 6½ per cent. for two years, has raised its rate of distribution to 7 per cent., and is carrying forward £24,944, against £23,013 brought into last year's accounts. When I mentioned this Company's Deferred stock last August the price was £120½, and I then wrote, "The dividend should be increased before long to 7 per cent., and the stock should go to £130." The present quotation is 129-132, and after reading this year's report I think I may safely predict that at least the present rate of dividend will be maintained in future, and that the stock will become worth £140.

The *Foreign, American, and General Investments Trust* is paying 5½ per cent., against 5 per cent., which has been the rate since 1901. The income of the Company last year was £100,504, as compared with £98,681 in 1904, and it is noteworthy that only £106 of this large revenue represented arrears of interest. £13,997 was brought into the year's accounts, and £16,303 is being carried forward, so that the increased dividend was more than earned. This stock has risen even more rapidly than the American, as when I recommended it in August the middle price was £93½, and it is now quoted at 109-112. I have little doubt that, in course of time, the dividend will be further raised to 6 per cent.

You are, no doubt, often asked to recommend sound 5 per cent. investments. I think either of the following may be safely bought, with a chance of increasing gradually in value.

(1) *Alabama, New Orleans, Texas and Pacific* 5 per cent. "C" Debentures, redeemable 1940, and now standing at 96. This Company's earnings have much increased, and this has led to a demand for the "A" preference shares, which have risen to nearly £6, after being as low as £4 in 1905. There is not likely to be any difficulty in paying the interest on the "C" Debentures in the future.

(2) *Cordoba Central Buenos Ayres Extension Railway* 5 per cent. Debentures, which were issued last year, and are now quoted about ½ premium. The interest on these Bonds is guaranteed by the Cordoba Central Railway up to Oct. 15, 1912, long before which date the construction of the railway will be completed. From the termination of the guarantee the Debentures are entitled, in addition to 5 per cent., to two-thirds of any surplus profit remaining after 5 per cent. has been paid on the 70,000 Ordinary shares. The Debentures are not redeemable under £110. Q.

March 23, 1906.

P.S.—By the time these lines appear in print the question of the renewal of the Nitrate Combination will probably have been settled one way or the other. As your readers are aware, I have given the reasons why I prefer certain companies, but I may just repeat here that the following are probably "the pick of the basket": *Liverpool Nitrates, Colorado, Salar del Carmen, Lagunas Syndicate, and Barreñechea*.

FOREIGN BONDS.

Of the various new Bond issues that are said to be coming within the next few weeks, one of the most interesting to capitalists on this side is, perhaps, the expected Peruvian Government Loan. We are told that there will be no general underwriting, but this, of course, depends largely upon circumstances. Holders of Peruvian Corporation stocks will watch the issue with very mingled feelings, seeing that they anticipated the settlement of their claims by the Peruvian Government before the latter attempted to raise further funds. It would be a pity to sell Peruvian Corporation stocks now, because even though the settlement may be delayed by the Government, the new Loan will do something to stimulate a general business, in which the Corporation will, no doubt, participate in a larger or a less degree. We are strongly advised, too, that Cédulas ought to be kept, and that another upward burst in the "little Bonds" is quite likely. It is, of course, a considerable gamble. Japanese 4½ per cent. bonds of both series are

being bought extensively for the Continent, and as an international investment the Loans are both good, secured, as everybody knows, upon the tobacco duties. With regard to South American issues, the Argentine varieties are, perhaps, as high as they are likely to go at present, but Brazilian and Chilean descriptions continue to creep into the holdings of investors who realise the very fair security which is to be found linked with prospects of improvement in several of these Bonds.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Oh, well, I'm what you might call just alive, thanks," The Jobber replied.

"No better than that?"

"Just saving funeral expenses, and not paying office ones," continued the speaker. "If we had —"

"A decent Government," put in The Broker wrathfully, "the Stock Exchange would be better off than it is now."

"Yes, those Radical friends of yours are a bit iconoclastic," protested The Solicitor.

The Broker groaned. "Of all the wretched, muddling, interfering set of incapable nincompoops —"

"There, there," said The Jobber. "It's no good trotting out all the names you Conservatives used to call the late Government."

"They will lose us South Africa," remarked The Engineer.

"And stop the world's supply of gold," pursued The Merchant.

Burying his face in a handkerchief, The Jobber audibly sobbed.

"And destroy our African trade."

The Jobber sobbed even more audibly.

"And make our country the laughing-stock of the world," declared The Broker, with intense conviction.

"At a half premium buy Laughing Stock! Buy ten at five-eighths! Give more for Laughing Stock!"

The City Editor hit him on the head, and asked if he had nothing serious to say.

"Oh, rather," retorted The Radical. "I believe trade is good, judged by the figures, eh?"

"We'll admit it for the sake of argument," conceded The Engineer.

"And if your late beautiful Government were in, tinkering with the tariff at this very blessed moment, would the Board of Trade show record returns?"

"That doesn't affect South Africa."

"Who did it said? But it affects a vastly wider circle than South African debates, made savage by the fury of a defeated Opposition."

"Hark at him!" sneered The Broker.

"And who knows that your precious Kaffirs wouldn't have slumped whatever Government got in?"

"Don't be childish," The City Editor advised.

"It's not childish to suppose that any over-valued market will find its true level of prices some day."

"Apply the same to Yankees, and —"

"The United States is still exceedingly prosperous, but money is strangely dear in New York," quoth The Banker.

"Yankee Market's right as rain," main-

tained its adopted son. "There's no slump there for some time to come."

"Believe he's right," considered The Engineer. "But it will all end in eventual smoke."

"Haven't United Lankats been booming?" cried The Merchant. "It's all because of the wonderful prices the Company is getting for tobacco at its Dutch sales."

"Lankats should be sold," The Solicitor laid down. "The rise has been too rapid for no reaction to follow."

"The Borneo boom rather fizzled out."

"Jagers are the things to buy," said The Broker, with complete irrelevance. "Jagers and De Beers."

"And therefore Premiers," added The City Editor.

"I'm told they are going to have these diamond things much higher," The Broker pursued. "I bought a few for myself —"

"Sell a hundred for me, Brokie," laughed The Jobber. "Safe tip, if you've bought them."

The Banker said he had bought some South African Preferences lately by way of a speculative investment.

"Indeed?" The City Editor scented copy.

"Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa Preference, and South African Gold Trust Preferences. Both six per cent. shares."

"May we ask at what prices?"

"Two-and-twenty shillings for the Gold Fields, and eighteen-and-six for the others."

"Ought to be cheap enough," commented The Jobber.

"Quite good speculative investments," said The Broker.

"So are Home Rails, some of them." The Engineer wanted to turn the conversation on to his own lines.



MR. WILLIAM WHITE, ONE OF THE ENGLISHMEN WHO HAVE HELPED TO MAKE THE ARGENTINE.

Amongst the able Englishmen who have helped to make the Argentine Republic one of the most successful and enterprising among the nations is Mr. William White, who for several years held the important position of chief engineer of the Public Works Department of the Argentine Government. He was induced some time ago to relinquish his post in order to accept the important position of president of the local committee of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, and of the B. A. Great Southern, the two most important lines in South America.

Photograph by Vandyk.

"Specially Districts," The Merchant sarcastically told him. "By Jove! Brokie was right in telling us to be a bear."

"And now you might buy yourself Metropolitan stock and sit on it for years; or until you see a reasonable profit," said the oracle. "You can buy the stuff at something like 77."

"Not so bad for a lock-up," nodded The Engineer. "But the Company—"

"Never knew such fellows for talking shop," The Jobber interposed. "Now, how about the Boat-Race?"

The Banker raised a politely repressed smile by asking which crew was the favourite.

The Jobber and The City Editor furnished the information simultaneously.

"What a sporting crew we are!" exclaimed The Engineer, who hadn't been to the 'Varsity. "Here are we talking about a boat-race when we might be getting the most expert views to be had in the City of London upon money matters."

"Go on," said The Broker, in his most melancholy manner. "Put your back into it, Number Three!"

The Merchant was stooping down. He pulled with a will, and came up suddenly.

"Hang you!" he cried, throwing a bit of bootlace at The Broker. "I used to row Number Three, and when you said that— Now, look at my boot."

"Talking of bootlaces," said The City Editor, "are not South American Railway stocks sufficiently high? Rosarios and things like that, I mean."

The Engineer concurred. The Broker rather hesitated. "It's a pretty good market," he averred.

"All the better for those who can take a pretty good profit. And don't wait for the dividends to be deducted before you sell."

"What makes you down on them?" inquired The Merchant.

"Rosies have had a long rise, and I think there is a reaction in store for most of the South American things. Suppose they had a few locusts."

"It's a long time since those pests were troublesome."

"So much the more reason for their probable appearance, eh?"

"Canada is free from *her* black beast for some time to come," contributed The City Editor.

"What's that?"

"Blizzards. Trunk Thirds and Ordinary—"

"Both too high," said The Jobber offhand—"though both too dangerous to sell a bear off, because the market has no stock."

"Canadas take a long time to reach zoo," complained The Merchant.

"So would you, if you had all that weight of capital hanging round your neck," The Broker told him.

The Jobber felt his own neck caressingly, as though to ascertain where the weight of capital might most conveniently hang. Then he sighed.

And so did all the others.

Saturday, March 24, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. L.—We think well of the Canada Land shares, but take a shilling or two less than the price you name when you can get it. The Mine is a gamble, but the shares will go better if the subsidiary is successfully floated. The Gas we think well of as a lock-up; also the last Company you mention.

NEPTUNE.—We did not refer to the Guarantee Company you name. Your investments are reasonably safe. In your position we advise buying Villa Maria and Rufino Preference stock, on which 3 per cent. is guaranteed for five years by the B.A. and Pacific Railway, then 3½ per cent., rising to 4½ in fifteen years, from July 1, 1905. By the time you wish to retire, the stock will be over par, and meanwhile the interest is safe.

OXON.—See this week's Notes. From an interest-paying point of view we should not feel uneasy about Johannesburg stock, but the vagaries of the present Government may put prices lower. Villa Maria preference stock or any of the things, except National Discount shares, recommended to Incipio last week would do for you. For your private account, Mexican National Pref. or Cordoba Central B.A. Extension Bonds, referred to by "Q.," would suit.

THORN.—See this week's Notes. (1) Take a bit of your profit and hold balance. If the shares drop again, buy more. (2) We are not in the secrets of the board. (3) The fire will stop dividends for probably six months, but if you can wait the mine is good enough. (4) No. (5) It is a matter of opinion. We prefer Broomassie. (6) We do not care for the shares. Competition is too stiff and prices too much cut.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be a useful field for the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. I am told the race will be won by Joke. I like Semite for the Welbeck Plate, and Kunstler for the Doddington Plate. If started, Crepuscule should win the Kesteven Plate. The Liverpool Meeting should be a great draw. The following should run well: Stanley Steeplechase, Rathvale; March Stakes, Mistletoe; Union Jack Stakes, Beppo; Spring Cup, Chaucer; Thursby Handicap, Camphor; Molyneux Stakes, Diary; West Derby Stakes, Machakos; Sefton Park Plate, Gay Leg; Bickerstaffe Stakes, Bill of the Play; Stand Welter, Snowberry; Hylton Handicap, Imperial II.; Bridgeman Stakes, Catnap; Liverpool Hurdle Handicap, Domino; Tyro Stakes, Lady Leslie; Earl of Sefton's Plate, Rising Falcon; Champion Steeplechase, Oatlands; Spring Cup Course Handicap, Merrow; Stanley Stakes, Opera Dance foal; Maghull Plate, Crepuscule.

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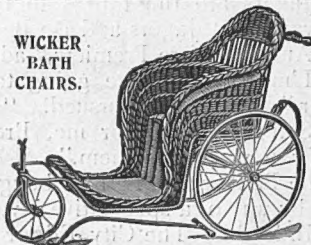
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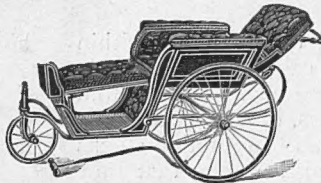
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